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GHOSTS OF THE NEW WORLD

("There are no ghosts in America.")

BY ALFRED NOYES

THERE are no ghosts, you say,
  To haunt her blaze of light;
No shadows in her day,
  No phantoms in her night.
Columbus' tattered sail
Has passed beyond her hail.

You'll meet in Salem town
  No silver-buckled shoon;
No lovely witch to drown,
  Or burn beneath the moon;
Not even a whiff of tea,
On Boston's ghostly quay.

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Then let your Pullman cars
  Go roaring to the West;
Till, watched by lonelier stars,
  The cactus lifts its crest.
In that strange painted land
One desolate shade shall stand.

Majestic and forlorn,
  Wreck of a dying race,
The Red Man, half in scorn,
  Shall raise a spectral face,
Inscrutable as the sky,
To watch *our* ghosts go by.

Must Europe grope at last
  Where Rip Van Winkle went,
To find an age has passed
  And lit a continent,
And made "a world elsewhere,"
With graves, and graves to spare?

O, ghostly Spanish walls,
  Where brown Franciscans glide,
Is there no voice that calls
  Across the Great Divide
To pilgrims on their way
Along the Santa Fé?

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What? On that magic coast,
Where Raleigh fought with fate;
Or where that Devon ghost
Unbarred the Golden Gate,
Saw you no strange bronzed men
Beat in from sea again?

Must all those dead lie still?
Must not the night disgorge
The ghosts of Bunker hill,
The ghosts of Valley Forge,
Or England's mightier son,
The ghost of Washington?

No ghosts where Lincoln fell?
No ghosts for seeing eyes?
I know an old cracked bell
Shall make ten million rise,
When *his* immortal ghost
Calls to the slumbering host.

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INSTEAD OF THE THORN

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK

(Countess of Warwick)

LOOKING at the record of comparatively modern history, it will be seen that the aims capable of stimulating the thinking section of Europe's population have been essentially altruistic. Noble impulses have, from time to time, fired the minds of all classes, the faith in an unpopular creed has made glad martyrs. Peter the Hermit was able to stir the chivalry of Europe. To be sure, that chivalry accomplished little, met with many defeats about which history is indiscreetly reserved, committed many abominable actions, and brought back to the West diseases unknown before; but there was an enkindling idea behind the movement of the Crusades. The Reformation was hardly less remarkable than the struggle for Palestine; regarded as a medium for human regeneration it was more significant. Abuses practised in the name of the Church and Vicar of Christ could be endured no longer, a certain definite instinct told people that the Pope and those who spoke in his name should not fall to the level of the times, but should transcend it. In each case we find the people who followed the crusade or embraced reformed doctrines concerned for the safety of their souls. To rescue the Sacred Places from the Moslem, to remove Christianity from Papal corruption, these were the ideals that could light unquenchable fires in the hearts of simple men and rob death of its sting. By the side of such movements affecting the people of many countries and extending over a long period of years, the French Revolution is almost dwarfed, and this outbreak, too, still looming large in the minds of men—there are so many still living who must have talked in their youth with those who took part in it—was founded upon great ideals. Since those days we claim to have made a larger progress in a single century than that which the Revolutionaries had gathered through all the years separating them from the times of Richard Cœur de Lion or Martin Luther. Yet the passionate energy of destruction that sweeps across the world to-day is an expression of the great unrest that affects nations or continents from time to time, uniting us in some subtle fashion with Crusade, Reformation, Revolution, and many another movement of less significance. It would appear that these vehement outbreaks are not in their nature fortuitous; they recur at certain intervals as though part of the scheme that brings Vesuvius, Ætna, or Krakatoa into violent and destructive eruption from time to time. There are some who even hold that world calamities come in regularly recurrent cycles, others believe mankind breaks out of bounds at intervals that follow a certain mathematical progression; there are even those who find the same phenomenon in the life of women and hold that the ebullitions of feminism in the years before the war bore a close resemblance to recorded outbreaks by women in past centuries. The whole underlying suggestion is of predestination, of kings and peoples caught in the meshes of the Imminent Will, as Thomas Hardy has tangled them in *The Dynasts,* suggesting that the first Napoleon was but the moving finger that writes at the bidding of the unseen unknown. Whether we are or are not the heirs of disaster upon whom trouble is bound to fall, it is at least clear that the large forces inherited by science from the nineteenth century are available for other ends than those to

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which they have been applied. The nations have been given certain powers, presumably denied to them in all world history down to a few years ago. They are using these powers as a child uses a newly acquired knife, cutting whatever will yield to the blade, without any reference to the knife's proper function, until sooner or later its own fingers suffer.

It seems that we have advanced far upon one of the recurring periods of world unrest in circumstances that make it possible for civilisation to be penalised to an extent beyond precedent. The passionate uplifting toward the religious life that prevailed among Crusaders and Reformers, the sacrifice for Liberty that redeemed so many of the excuses of the French Revolution find no counterpart to-day. The Allies are fighting much as doctors fight a cholera epidemic or the plague; they know if they do not destroy they will be destroyed by it. Germans and Austrians labour because they have been told they are engaged in a defensive campaign against a world grown greedy, jealous, and unscrupulous—that it is "Theirs but to do or die." The only people who may possibly be fighting with a sense of religious conviction are the Turks, and they have at most no more than a very moderate satisfaction, for if they are fighting "the Infidels," there are those among them who have been their good friends for many years, who stood between them and destruction in seasons past. They are fighting, too, not for themselves, but for another Infidel who supplies them with weapons and ammunition and hard cash, for all of which he will, in the fulness of time, present a bill. Valour is everywhere. Friend and foe have shown it to an amazing extent amid alarms never sounded before since first war began in the world, but of enthusiasm there is hardly a glimpse. The old spirit of the fighting man cannot thrive in an atmosphere in which death arrives at breakneck speed through clear sky from some monstrous gun fifteen miles away, or from aircraft two miles or more above the ground. Such joy of combat as is inherent in man, survival of days that leave no room for pride, may be stimulated by the cavalry charge or in less degree by the bayonet assault; but the nature of the area of fighting tends to forbid the one and the machine-gun galls the other, and there is, in all probability, hardly a combatant on either side who for all his granite quality of endurance does not desire peace.

Where, then, is the enthusiasm, the atmosphere in which war was wont to live and thrive? It has gone, I think, to two classes—the first, those who make vast stores of munitions for the destruction of life; the second, those who labour ceaselessly to mend some of the evils that war enforces. More than half the non-combatant world looks after the making of wounds, the residue of the industrious seeks to heal them. The passion of the fighter that once filled the earth has yielded to the passions of the profit-maker and the patriot, sad though it be to name the two classes side by side.

Few people have any idea how the passion for munitions has bitten into the national life and even threatens to corrode it. Of what obtains in enemy countries we can have no sure knowledge, but among the others we know that Japan is working on a vast scale and has gone far to arm her old-time enemy, Russia. As far as the United States and Great Britain are concerned, we have facts and we have figures. They reveal the amazing truth that the world has turned all the patiently and painfully acquired resources of its civilisation to blast a large part of that civilisation off the earth. Nature's wealth, in the form of raw material, the finest and costliest machinery, the most skilled direction that is at a nation's disposal—these are but means to the one end. All England is at work, every district is mapped out, the hammer meets the anvil and women work at the lathe in countless places where before war broke upon us all industry was agricultural. On the one hand, we read of seven firms—five

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in Sheffield, one in Glasgow, one in Newcastle—whose united capacity exceeds that of Krupp's; on the other hand, the schoolboy writes home to say that the headmaster has installed a lathe, or a couple of lathes, and that the "fellows" are giving so many hours a day to the national service. There are in Great Britain twelve vast munition areas where day by day the output increases, new buildings are fitted, men and women, boys and girls acquire a greater facility, the reserves mount up. One can hear in the silences of imagination the sound of the skeleton reaper's scythe as the steel touches the grindstone. From Cornwall to the Norfolk Broads, from Portsmouth to Aberdeen—farther north, too, if one would be exact—this enormous national energy expresses itself that we and our Allies may hack, blast, explode a way through the ranks of those who hope to treat us in like fashion. They are striving to that end with all who can be spared from the fighting line, and, in the high interests of frightfulness, have already added poisonous gas to the list of armaments and murder by submarine to the incidents of war. In the United States one powder firm (Du Pont) was said, in the beginning of the year, to have sixty million pounds' worth of orders for the Allies. Its dividend for 1915 was two hundred per cent. In December last agents of Germany replied to this menace to their plans by setting the extension works on fire. These had been put up in less than a year by ten thousand work-people, they housed thirty thousand souls, and in a night were a heap of ruins. I could continue to set out similar figures from the pile before me, but they do but tell the same story over and over again of violent activity, sustained endeavour, profits, dividends, sudden wealth, feverish excitement, prosperity in Protean shapes—most of them ugly.

Briefly, then, we have millions of men fighting one another under conditions that destroy nearly all sense save the sense of duty, and we have millions labouring with enthusiasm to provide their fellows with the means of continuing to destroy, these last building up something in the nature of a vested interest in destruction. We also have a few people—few by comparison rather than in actual numbers—to whom war is a cry for help, a cry to which they must instantly respond. They are repairing what is not irreparable, feeding the hungry, nursing the sick, clothing the naked, opening the eyes of the blind. Theirs the task to sweeten the bitterness of life, to comfort the mourners. Whatever the profits of their venture, they are of the kind that not even the Chancellor of the Exchequer can touch, they are not of this world. Finally, we are told by statisticians, who perhaps derive a certain confidence from their knowledge of the difficulties facing all who would seek to controvert their figures, that at the end of 1916, after twenty-nine months of war, the wealth of the world stood reduced by the sum of twelve thousand million pounds—that is, by a sum equal to five times the annual taxable income of the British Isles, according to the statements of those who are supposed to understand this question. The greater part of this immeasurable sum will have been irretrievably lost, burned up in towns and villages, blown to pieces in shells and fortifications, wasted in worn-out equipment of every sort and kind. That is the cash price for a decision as to whether or not Germany—or should we not say Prussia and the Hohenzollerns?—shall claim the hegemony of Europe, and if the war does not end this summer the price will presumably increase at the rate of one hundred millions a week, of which the British Empire will presumably be expected to find her colossal quota of some thirty-five millions. Surely in years to come, when this madness is past and nothing but part of the heavy price remains, sane people will ask themselves if a system of government that demands such penalties for the price of its ambition should be allowed in conceivable circumstance to persist on any part of a

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planet whose inhabitants have more than a faint glimmering of reason.

But it is not the colossal expenditure of life, energy, and resources that strikes the keynote of world tragedy; it is rather the misdirection of force. In the summer of 1914, before world-shattering war broke out, there was enough in the sorry scheme of things to call for strife, but for strife of a different order. Let us suppose for a moment that the world that has dedicated all its resources in blood, energy, and treasure to wilful and premeditated destruction had elected to turn those resources to the removal of the admitted evils of our civilisation. Suppose it had kindled the same high enthusiasms, promoted the same carefully considered organisation, handled the vast material wealth. How should we be standing at the beginning of the year 1917?

Throughout the whole cultivable zone there would not be an untilled field. No man, woman, or child in Europe would be going in need of any of the necessities or reasonable amenities of life. Every city might have its educational endowment; the working day could have been divided in fashion that left for the humblest toiler his hours for recreation and improvement. Food, instead of doubling its normal prices, would have halved them, disease might have been greatly reduced, poverty abolished. The world that lies crying in pain would have been singing its songs of joy. The forces that have gone to the ruin of life would have hurried Time far along the road to the millennium. In the plenitude of the earth's richness, anxiety and greed and ambition might have received their death-blow; the divine event to which all creation moves would no longer have been far off. Nothing more was needed to bring these changes about than the energy, the skill, and the sacrifice that have been so sedulously devoted to the cause of death, destruction, and dismay. None of us knew the potentialities of the world we lived in; we haggled over small causes and mean gains while we had within our reach the fulcrum with which to move the earth. Now, almost as soon as we realise what we possessed, we have lost it, and the aftermath of peace must be full of poverty, pain, and irremediable economic stress. In no conceivable circumstance can the world be happier. Victors and vanquished alike must mourn their dead, and know that for the living the state can do little to mitigate the bitterest suffering. All the hopes and the ambitions of reformers must remain for an uncertain period in the land of dreams, and in place of the brotherhood of man there must be all-consuming bitterness and rancour that only the years can heal, perhaps incompletely. There were so many generous forces afoot in 1914; for every evil under the sun it seemed as though some remedy were slipping from the knees of the gods. A common instinct toward betterment was stirring the working classes throughout the world. Sordid sometimes in its incidents, it was at least associated with high principles. The inequalities of life were touching the conscience of mankind. Those who amassed colossal fortunes were endowing hospitals, colleges, great institutions, public libraries, parks and pleasure grounds, research work of every kind. Wealth, however selfishly acquired, was bringing with it a certain sense of responsibility unknown before. Those who had toiled for mankind and were nearing the end of their labours were conscious of a goal in sight, to be reached, if not by them, by those destined to carry on the struggle. They were full of the belief that man's inhumanity to man was diminishing, that a certain unity of higher purpose was to be discerned even in the backward countries, that the spirit of brotherhood was being blown like a flame about the world. It needed no more than a supreme effort of civilisation to burst the bonds that fetter humanity and realise for all something of the beauty of life.

What was the world's offence that, when the moment for the supreme effort came, it should be devoted to the destruction of all that had been accom-

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plished, to hurling bruised humanity back to the foot of Calvary? These things are beyond us; we know nothing more than that the root of all this evil was in ourselves, and that as we had reaped so we have sown; that our conception of life was false and that the germ of death is in every falsehood. We shall not have in us after the strain and stress of world war the energy and the means to carry on the struggle where we left it off; our energies will be needed to combat new evils. First and foremost we shall be faced by the Frankenstein of armaments called into being to enable us to survive, and for a part at least of the future a huge vested interest that can thrive only on blood and sacrifice, and will have both means and the will to use them, to keep the machinery of destruction from rusting. This horror faces all the countries, belligerent and neutral alike, and unless peace can discover some genius who has not been found in war the outlook is dark indeed. There is a certain savagery in man; war develops, peace represses it. We shall face it in the developed stage, and there must be tens of thousands whom the rude buffets of the world have so incensed that they are careless of the future, indifferent to the claims of normal life. They will be scattered over all lands, and many a country will lie desperate in the grip of penury and ready to risk its poor remains of fortune upon any hazard, however dangerous. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon; and Europe has fed on war, outrages, and unimagined cruelty.

Did not Byron write, in satirical vein, that the saddest words in the language are, "I told you so"? Certainly they are among the most futile, for the Fates of old time, Providence to-day, may shape the future, but must remain powerless to alter the past. There are those who tell us that, had we prepared for war, had we adopted a measure of compulsion and spent upon the fighting services the money devoted to National Insurance, Old Age Pittances—I should have written Pensions—and the rest, the war would not have taken place. It seems to me that the government tried, after the manner of its kind, to steer a middle course, and that a nation that can send more than three million civilians to become voluntary soldiers at short notice in time of war has thereby made good its rooted objection to Conscription in time of peace. However that may be, it is a little dangerous for the reactionaries to plead neglect of Conscription and a scanty measure of care for the poor as prime causes of our embarrassment. It is quite as easy for those of us who hold opposing views to point out that the fringe of national wealth had not been touched, that what the poor needed was not less assistance, but more, and that had the capitalist classes encouraged the union of workers the world over, internationalism might have kept militarism at bay until the vision of its cruelty, extravagance, and futility had spread from the working classes to those that employ them. There are those who hold, with seeming justification, that the feeling against war was growing fast, and in another decade it would have been irresistible, and that the knowledge of this impending change helped to force the German hand. This is not the view of a class, but of thinkers representing all classes. Granting for the moment that the belief be true, what would have been the results if labour, instead of finding itself cribbed, cabined, and confined, had been free to strive for universal peace in order that the world's assets, mental, moral, and material, might be preserved? Capitalism may well ask itself the question, for war has demanded the children of all classes, and there is no discrimination in shot and shell. They take their toll where they find it.

We live our lives along the lines of a prevailing convention; these conventions accumulate evils as the hull of a ship gathers barnacles, and only when some great upheaval shatters the very foundations of custom are we able to realise how necessary the upheaval had become. It was to conserve wealth, to make broad

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the path of the fortunate few, that labour was robbed not only of the full fruits of its service, but of the means to improve itself and correct its own shortcomings. The result has been that labour had not the unity of purpose and the strength to forbid war, and we have seen millions of men without a quarrel, without even a strong racial antagonism, opposed one to another that a few "exalted" people may follow out a scheme of conquest—some rearrangements of the earth-fetters called boundaries. Wealth is wasted even more freely than life, and those who allowed considerations of money-getting to override all others will in many cases see their possessions swept away because they deliberately reduced the strength of democracy, the one force that can say to Kings and Kaisers: "We will not shed our blood for the sake of conquest." It has been argued that Germany, at least, has educated her people thoroughly, and that they still go to war without a murmur, thereby proving the futility of education as the handmaid of peace; but, on the other hand, we must admit that they were cowed as well as educated, and many shrewd observers hold that, in spite of the drill sergeant, Social Democracy was growing at a pace that warned the military party to take their fateful decision before a proletariat, strong as well as enlightened, hurled them from place and power.

By the side of the really fundamental fact these questions lose their significance. What we have learned since August, 1914, is that Europe was equipped with resources in knowledge, money, experience, and latent goodwill sufficient to transform the face of the world—to fulfil the hopes and dreams of patriots and reformers, to place all her children in a position to develop their lives to the highest point of utility, to seek love rather than hate, to enter upon a vast Revivalist Campaign in the interests of civilisation, to enlarge the boundaries of human brotherhood, to share among all the burdens and the blessings, the pain and the joy of the soul's brief transit from eternity to eternity. Every hope was justified, but none was to be realised. All the energy, all the hoarded riches have gone to destruction rather than to construction. Pain and sorrow that called for healing have been multiplied, and humanity, that might have scaled the heights to which its eyes were turned, is crucified afresh. That there is a resurrection in store we dare not refuse to believe, but we know that it must come so slowly that many of us may not hope to see it. The great chance was put before us almost without our knowledge, and we were not worthy. We have developed impulse without vision; our moral growth has lagged behind our material development. We were in this regard bankrupt, and did not know the relation of the modest assets of our conduct to the immense liabilities we had incurred by reason of our progress, for it goes without saying that our spiritual solvency depended upon the measure in which we directed the new sources of power and wealth to high ends. In short, a world grown rich and capable, with new powers to develop and exploit recently discovered values, laboured for the individual and not for the community. Had there been a brotherhood worthy the name, the earth's riches would have brought good to one and all, the wealthiest country would merely have been the one best able to help and develop the backward ones. Men ask for freedom, sustenance, and security; it is for these things they strive, and down to three years ago the world was developed to the point at which there was enough for all. It is difficult to realise that these conditions did exist, that Western civilisation stood perhaps within a few years of its goal, and that on a sudden, to satisfy the ambitions of a small class that creates nothing save corruption, millions of hands that had been taught to build up were busy casting down. The creators had become the destroyers not only of wealth, but of the ideals they should have guarded with their lives. It becomes suddenly easy to understand the old du-

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alistic conception that is scattered through the world of religion—the powers of Asgard and Jötunheim, Odin and Loki, Ormuzd, the god of Light, and Ahriman, the god of Darkness, Christ and Satan. For the civilisation in which we take a pride, the spirit that combats the forces of what we regard as evil, the spirit of optimism that made the fight possible—all these things have suffered.

There is no help. When war has exhausted itself, humanity will need to start again to take up the old burdens and grapple as best it may with the new ones. The question we have to ask ourselves is whether the lesson will have been mastered. Will the people have realised the full significance of dynasties, personal ambitions, pride of race, intolerance, despotism, discipline run mad? Will it be prepared to take such action as will rule out these forces as possible destroyers of world peace? If the lesson of this war has been learned and Democracy has the courage to apply it, some of the enthusiastic forecasts of years immediately to come may prove less ridiculous than they seem now. If, on the other hand, war leaves us with our old conventions still firmly rooted or finds us too happy in the passing of one catastrophe to trouble about the possibility of another, then, as far as the eyes of the imagination can see, Democracy must toil hopelessly, like that Corinthian king who in some unlocated underworld pushes the stone that may never quite reach the hill-top and put a period to his labour.

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H. G. WELLS AND HIS MENTAL "HINTERLAND"

BY WILFRID LAY

I

In a striking passage in his *Psychology* William James says that the contributory factors resulting in the line of our reverie are inextricably complex, and adds: "If I hear a friend describe a certain family as having *blotting-paper* voices, the image, though immediately felt to be apposite, baffles the utmost powers of analysis. The higher poets all use abrupt epithets, which are alike intimate and remote, and, as Emerson says, sweetly torment us with invitations to their inaccessible homes." Similarly Wells speaks, in *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman,* of "A certain Miss Garradice, one of those mute, emotional, nervous spinsters who drift detachedly, with quick, sudden movements, glittering eyeglasses and a pent-up, imminent look, about our social system. There is something about this type of womanhood—it is hard to say—almost as though they were the bottled souls of departed buccaneers grown somehow virginal."

Now the epithets are alike intimate and remote in being supplied from the Unconscious, which is the most intimate part of us, and is, because of the many repressions to which our memories have been subjected, most remote from our conscious life. What James says later about the folly of an attempt to trace out the contributory factors is now contradicted by the researches of psychoanalysis, and the blotting-paper image about the voices would not now baffle or elude investigation. With the proper study of the mental associations of the friend who used the metaphor, the appositeness of the image could in all probability be clearly traced.

In the *Wheels of Chance* we read that "many men have never seen their own profiles or the backs of their own heads, and for the back of your own mind no mirror has been invented." That book was published in 1896. Evidently Wells found or himself invented the psychoanalytic mirror, for in his novels he has analysed the fundamental motives of human action, and I believe his novels cannot be adequately read without some knowledge of psychoanalysis. The chief point would be lost. His novels show a deep understanding not only of human motives, but of the psychoanalytic classifications of them.

The main difference between the analytic psychology and the old-school psychology is the clear recognition of the nature and qualities of the Unconscious and of the part played by it in human behaviour. What goes on in the back of your own mind is nowadays a great deal better understood than it was when Wells wrote his first novel or James his *Psychology*. In the study of the intimate processes of the mind, the novelist has really antedated the psychologist; for the former, who has not been restricted by the dogma that mind is not existent outside of consciousness, has been free to make his own inferences and to take a view of the mind that has been denied to the old-fashioned psychology of the schools. This is referred to in the following words of Lady Harman, speaking to Mr. Brumley: "A novelist always seems so wise in these things. He seems to know so many lives. One can talk to you as one can scarcely talk to anyone. You are a sort of doctor—in these matters."

II

A successful writer is one who has thrown off all inhibitions. None has

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been more successful in this than H. G. Wells. In freeing himself from his constrictions one fulfils his destiny. Some destinies are not fulfilled, so to speak. Such a person is felt to have expressed himself incompletely. One is delighted to find in Wells a mind that shies at nothing. In many writers one seems to miss the clearness of a square, direct view; but in reading Wells our vision is perfectly centred and focussed, the image achromatic and free from distortion, the lens he supplies us flawless. That is my feeling after reading a dozen of his novels, straightway in rapid succession, finding no dull spots, not even noticing the entoptic phenomena in my own mental vision.

And while presentation of the conscious world is clear and full, the recognition of the determining effect of the individual Unconscious is found everywhere in the novels. By the Continental psychoanalysts unconscious trends have been so specifically traced and described that in this small compass I shall be obliged to confine myself to the treatment of but a few of them. In another paper I purpose to outline the features of several of Wells's stories as seen by the mental science of to-day—a sort of spiritual psychoscope. Here, however, I can offer only the most general considerations as to the manifestations of the Unconscious in human behaviour, as he has portrayed them. In so doing I shall mention only three aspects, the general one of the so-called *Libido* or craving, the parent complex and the matter of ambivalence.

The noteworthy fact about the Unconscious is its overwhelmingly predominant potency in causing one's specific acts, as well as being the foundation of one's general character. By the myriads of unconscious ideas of which one is unaware, and the very existence of which one instinctively denies—"Forces below the level of reason and ideas"—one is absolutely controlled in the choice of an action, a topic or even a concrete definite thought. Wells is, of course, as much controlled as the rest of us, both in the choice of situations and in the language in which he describes or narrates. The inevitable fact is the control—forever exercised by the Unconscious and as universally denied by the conscious life.

Wells's phrases for the Unconscious are varied and expressive. He speaks of "the vast hinterland of thoughts and feelings in which his essential self had its abiding place." He states the general problem of psychoanalysis when Trafford speaks of "a new set of riddles filling my mind, how thought swings about thought," and mentions "all the little drifting crystallisations of spirit with spirit and all the repulsions and eddies and difficulties that one can catch in that turbulent confusion."

III

The dynamic aspect of the Unconscious is the most important. The unconscious is a moving platform on which all the conscious activities take place; it is a shifting background against which the faces and the costumes of the actors in the human drama seem to change their every aspect; it is the variable light which is centred on the players in the field of consciousness. But more than all that, it is the sum of life itself—pushing forward, craving, instinctively progressing and, until this twentieth century, not recognised as something of extraordinary portentousness for human destiny. It is the real cause of war. It is the cause and the basis of all the moods for which Lady Harman had "neither terms nor recognitions." It is the real cause and, for most of us, a hidden cause, why we persistently pursue now one aim and now another. Our conscious reflection makes us sometimes doubt the value of our efforts. This antagonism between the critical consciousness and the uncritical but unceasing urge of vitality, is what constitutes the inconsistency of human behaviour, the explanation of all that is otherwise unaccountable. The sudden revelation of our nature, the unexpected emergence of a wish we thought we never could

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entertain, or any of those other "mental landslides," as Wells calls them, is the coming into consciousness of one or another part of this unconsciousness.

Wells presents in his novels a humanity without the power of definitely and purposely examining the Unconscious. While psychoanalysis is implicit in all his narrative of the soul states, it becomes explicit and scientific in its methods only in the theories of the newer psychology. With it we can gauge to a certain extent the drift of the unconscious deep on which we float, and partly sound its mostly unfathomed abysses. They show us the tragedy of humanity going toward its fate unknowing, and helpless to avert what it would so gladly escape if it but knew.

The Unconscious, as an individual manifestation of a force which has perpetuated life through the ages, is in evidence in all the novels. In the many statements about modern life as one in which extraordinary power has been placed in the hands of men—a power for the rational use of which they have not yet been properly educated and which leads to wars and other forms of waste and devastation—we see Wells handling the question of the advantageous employment of the "surplus life that wastes itself in the world for sheer lack of direction," "the riddle of excessive power"—the very question to which psychoanalysis has contributed the most satisfactory answer. In almost all the novels of Wells we have a paragraph somewhere near the climax, consisting of the question, "What am I doing with all my life?"

All Wells's criticism centres about this question and the various ways his characters answer it. The successful employment of the energies of mankind, that is the social use of them, is called their sublimation. A natural sublimation on the part of the individual keeps the nation in a state of peace and prosperity. A repression of the energy inevitably breaks out in the individual as a neurosis or a physical illness, unless the number of individuals is great enough, when it causes the neurosis of a nation, which is called war.

The name given by Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, to the unceasing urge of vitality is *Libido*. Jung calls it *Hormé*, and Bergson speaks of the same thing as the *élan vital*. Putnam has suggested the word craving as the least inappropriate in English. The craving for life, love and action is realised by all the characters as being unsatisfied and they give their thoughts to the problem of using it, each in his own way. The women find it in wifely devotion and the bearing of children, the men in various activities. In *The Passionate Friends* Stephen finds his sublimation in his literary and publishing schemes in co-operation with the American, Gidding; in *The Research Magnificent* Benham looks for it, but, we feel, unsuccessfully; in *Marriage* Trafford declares he must turn from the study of atoms to the study of men; in *Tono-Bungay* young Ponderevo finds it in his work on flying machines and torpedo boats; in *Love and Mr. Lewisham* the man finds it in working for the support of his child, and Mr. Britling finds it in the sacrifice of his son and the service of his country and his God.

IV

It is comparatively easy to see the craving at work in the larger phases of life, in loving, in begetting, in getting money, in all forms of getting busy. It is a little harder to believe that it is equally clearly manifested in our acts which are apparently most trivial, in our awkward forgetting of names, our mistakes in reading, writing and all forms of perception, in mental and in physical disease. But as every conscious act is affected by the unconscious craving, this must be the case. Apparently trivial acts and mannerisms are proved by psychoanalysis to be the effects of unconscious complexes, and are called symptomatic acts. At bottom they are one with the many symbolisms of the world of thought. No act fails to symbolise the unconscious thought of the

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individual. By conscientious study many of these symbolisms can be accounted for. With complete knowledge all would be clear.

Even the slightest personal mannerism becomes, in the strong light of psychoanalysis, a "flower in the crannied wall," which is daily being known more and more intimately, as the mental connections are studied by the newer psychology. Wells uses, and I am sure uses consciously, repeated examples of the so-called symptomatic acts, and those other evidences of the struggle of the Unconscious to break forth into consciousness. He indicates this frequently by the expressions "a hesitation," "an embarrassment," "a silence fell between them." Even from the time of the earlier novels he recognises first the existence and then, in the later novels, the effect on his characters of "the vast hinterland of thoughts and feelings."

Wherein Mr. Wells implies not only that this vast hinterland, which is his artistic expression for our prosaic word unconscious, is not only of enormous importance but it is rarely recognised and is the real individual in the sense of being a controlling and permanent force. He shows us this subconscious self developing gradually in the character of Mr. Brumley, Lady Harman's only real lover, as he comes into the full realisation of exactly how and how much he worships Lady Harman. In *The Passionate Friends* the characters of Stephen and Lady Mary are shown gradually becoming conscious of that deeper love which the author and the reader see in them at the start; in *The Research Magnificent* the almost imperceptible gradations of Benham's becoming aware of his intellectual estrangement from, and his unconscious, and therefore essentially controlling, craving for Amanda. In *Marriage* we have Trafford's year by year separation in spirit from his wife and their magnificently heroic and successful effort to win a spiritual union by the blotting out in the wilds of Labrador of all the influences which were pulling them apart. These are the larger lines of the drifts of the Unconscious as shown in the characters of Wells's novels.

V

Into the more minute details of the specific acts and thoughts I have not space to go, but will give only an example or two. When, in Lady Petchworth's garden, Will Magnet wishes to propose to Marjorie, he suggests they go and look at the aviary. What more appropriate utterance of Magnet's unconscious craving than a wish to have Marjorie and the aviary in his eye at the same time? What more subtle way than that to intimate Magnet's idea of marriage as the caging of a bird? And what better way to indicate Marjorie's real disinclination to marry him than her reply that she hates to see birds in cages?

Such symbolisms meet us frequently in Wells's novels. They are always voices from that vast hinterland which reveal, to him who sees below the surface in human character, the workings of the subliminal Psyche. From the example given above, and through all the degrees of clearness, to the mention of the loss of voice in Aunt Plessington, when the success of her "Movement" seemed to be in danger, we are given countless illustrations of the outcropping of the vast life beneath the conscious perception. Aunt Plessington sees the futility of her sociological efforts, which are a constant activity on her part to compensate for the realities of married life which are denied her by fate. She loses her voice, psychoanalysis would say, because she unconsciously wishes her Movement to fail, and can satisfy her sense of justice only if it fails for some reason outside of her control. Her loss of voice is beyond her conscious control, but it is immediately supplied by the ever-ready and resourceful Unconscious, and Aunt Plessington's face is saved.

Aunt Plessington would naturally be the first person to reject such an expla-

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nation, but this explanation of that kind of acts to which the performer assigns very different reasons is exactly the explanation which we have to acknowledge as the real one. Thus Ann Veronica does a very symbolic and symptomatic thing when she takes off the engagement ring which has been given her by Manning, and hands it to Capes to examine. Nothing could show more clearly that she really did not love Manning, and the act foreshadows her present offer of herself to Capes.

The disconcertment of the guest at the dinner (where Lady Harman shows such a shocking knowledge of the practical results of Sir Isaac's methods on his women employés) is shown by the guest's crumbling his bread into little pieces and by dropping his eyeglasses into the soup. Certain mannerisms of people occur in more than one character in Wells's novels; for instance the catch in the breath, and the whistling through the teeth. In *The Passionate Friends* it is said of Lady Mary that "she often said faintly daring things, and when she did, she had that little catch in the breath—of one who dares." In *Marriage* this motive is used in a humourous description of landscape: " 'He would prefer to look on broader, simpler lines, with just a sudden catch in the breath in them. A sob—such as you get at the break of a pine wood on a hill.' This baffled Mr. Pope, but Marjorie took it. 'Or a short dry cough of a cliff,' she said." The catching of her breath is ascribed to Ethel in *Love and Mr. Lewisham* and in *Ann Veronica:* " 'I do not think our engagement can go on'; she plunged, and felt exactly that loss of breath that comes with a dive into icy water." In general the catch in the breath is used as if it were a gasp of delight, conveying the sense of utter abandon. The whistling through the teeth is a characteristic of Sir Isaac Harman and of Ponderevo. It seems to symbolise the ecstatic intensity of living, each in his own way, of these two who so pant after money and power.

VI

The essential nature of the Unconscious, fully recognised by Wells, with evident knowledge of European psychoanalysis, is expressed from one point of view in the so-called parent complex. This may be described as an unconscious spiritual dependence upon the parents, long after the normal period of childhood has passed. The relation of the son to the father and the reverse are in the different novels richly portrayed, from the general scheme of *The Passionate Friends,* which is written by the father in the form of an epistle to the son, to the lengthy account of this relation in *The New Machiavelli.* The relation of father and daughter is seen in the story of *Ann Veronica,* where the girl suffers from the overbearing authoritativeness of her father, Mr. Stanley, and breaks away from it; and at the end of the story the father influence is seen disintegrating. This is a true psychoanalytic treatment of this situation, for it is proved by psychoanalysis that no woman can be fully a true wife to her husband until this father influence is shaken off.

In *The Research Magnificent* we are given an elaborate treatment of the mother influence upon the son, a matter which I shall be obliged to postpone until another time. But it should be stated here that the influence of the mother has a very deleterious effect, particularly upon the marriage relations of the son, and is the cause of a number of forms of neurosis serious enough to prevent the unfortunate man from fulfilling in the normal way his true function in society as a man, a husband and a father. In passing, I might note that Wells's chief men characters show this mother influence in their search for a true love mate, and specifically in their constant variability until they find the woman who can mother them. In short, sexual promiscuity on the part of men is the conscious expression of the unconscious search for the mother element in women, the unconscious long-

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ing on the part of these men to return to the mother. By this is meant that the qualities which the son finds in the mother during the period of his young childhood are exactly those which he seeks in his wife. As these qualities cannot be found in anyone except the man's own mother, he fails to find them in the women to whom he successively devotes himself, and as soon as he fails to find them in one, turns to another who seems to promise what her predecessors were unable to give. Mr. Britling with his eight amours is an excellent example. By the survival of his mother influence such a man is rendered incapable of appreciating reality in feminine shape. He has no means of knowing what the true wife should be. He sees all women through the medium of his unconscious memory of his mother.

Capes in *Ann Veronica* sums up the situation of the parent complex, saying: "I don't believe there is any strong natural affection between parents and growing up children. There was not, I know, between myself and my father —I bored him. I hated him. I suppose that shocks one's ideas. It is true. There are sentimental and traditional deferences and reverences, I know, between father and son, but that is just exactly what prevents the developing of an easy friendship. Father-worshipping sons are abnormal—and they are no good. . . .

"Some day, perhaps, the old won't coddle and hamper the young, and the young won't need to fly in the faces of the old. They will all face facts as facts and understand. . . . Gods! what a world it might be if people faced facts!"

VII

The constant pressure of the unconscious craving to express itself in conscious thoughts and acts, and the equally constant pressure exerted by consciousness to keep back these attempted emergencies, is shown by implicit antitheses at every turn. Always the conscious sensation or perception is subject to a transvaluation by virtue of the unconscious background. We see it in "the gentle apprehension which is the shadow of desire in unassuming natures"; in "a wife concealing the humiliation of an unhappy choice in a spurious satisfaction and affection"; the avoidance of looking at a person which becomes "a negative stare"; the way in which we "keep certain matters always in mind by conspicuously covering them away." The same complexity of thought is expressed in saying: "It is just as though we were each of us not one person, but a lot of persons, who sometimes meet and shout all together, and then disperse and forget and plot against each other."

It is indicated in Trafford's humourous speculation that "it is as if one needed a colder climate to brace a cook to his business," and in *The History of Mr. Polly* where it is said that "the name of Uncle Jim was written in letters of glaring silence across their intercourse"; or in *Tono-Bungay* where we read that Ponderevo in leaving his wife was "full of a desolating sense of relief"; in the "conscientiously refined and low-voiced people reeking with proud bashfulness" and in this passage from *The Research Magnificent:* "'After my visits to her,' wrote Benham, 'he would show by a hundred little expressions and poses and acts how intensely he was not noting that anything of the sort had occurred.'"

I spoke above of the unconscious wish on the part of Aunt Plessington that her Movement should not succeed. A marked strenuousness of conscious effort betrays the presence of an unconscious trend of the opposite direction; just as a salmon swims up stream in its spawning season. The strained effect itself of this conscious effort is the mark of its engagement in, its special occupation with, and its being determined by, the unconscious wish. If the conscious wish coincides with the unconscious, there is no strain, no disproportionate nervous tension. In Aunt Plessington one evidence of this conflict is found in her voice, which is a "strangulated con-

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tralto." In many instances the low-voiced woman is marked as having masculine traits, among others a sort of aggressiveness toward her weaker sisters, and in this evinces a psychical loss of sexual balance. In the well-balanced person the absence of the strain is noticeable as an unexcited, calm, composed manner and "a clear, unhesitating voice."

This antithetic nature of the individual psyche, illuminated by psychoanalysis and constantly emphasised in the characters of Wells's novels, is termed ambivalence. This antagonism is based on our physical make-up, constituted as it is by the counterstrains of opposing muscles, which alone make co-ordination of movement possible, and is exemplified in our psychical nature by the necessity of every perception's implicitly containing its opposite, at least as a background. The latter ambivalence is seen in the very nature of sensation itself when we reflect that a sound or a touch has to be changed into what it is not before we can become aware of it as having any quality whatever. Complete blackness is not a visual sensation until it is changing in consciousness into an incomplete blackness, and similarly for any colour; a constant tone ceases to be heard as a tone, and so on through all the qualities of sensation. Lady Harman, speaking of her husband's roadside advertisements, expresses this in the words: "One sees them so much that at last one does not see them."

Now if the opposite of a sensation is necessary to the very existence of that sensation, it follows that the opposite of every idea is in "the vast hinterland" ready to emerge at any moment. And Wells gives us no end of examples of this ambivalence. Putting into words this characteristic of human mentality produces a crackling quality in his style, much like electricity unexpectedly developed from fur. Its unexpectedness gives the reader that mental catch in the breath which is so symbolical of sudden and intense emotion. So whether we read in *The History of Mr. Polly*, "So nearly akin are human joy and sorrow," or of that "immense affectation that there was no Mr. Polly in the world," or of the crassly gustatorial phantasies that filled the minds of Trafford and Marjorie in Labrador when their food was at its lowest, or when we find Mr. Polly saying that he cannot possibly return to the Potwell Inn, and immediately turning around and heading for it, we are impressed with the ambivalence of these situations.

In *Marriage* Marjorie's mother, Mrs. Pope, while calling on her some time after her marriage to Trafford, says: "If he had not married you—" which shows the ambivalence of the old lady's mind. Consciously, of course, she knows Marjorie *is* married to Trafford; but the irritation, at the time of her breaking of her engagement to Will Magnet, has so stirred the old lady's Unconscious that It wishes Marjorie were living with Trafford unmarried, and causes Mrs. Pope to suggest how badly Mr. Pope would have taken it, if —a very severe Wellsian comment on the British mother's unconscious feeling for her daughter.

VIII

To this dynamic aspect of the Unconscious and its ambivalence we shall have to add another tendency very strong in human nature—repression. Much of the hitherto inexplicable in human behaviour is now co-ordinated by the theory that thoughts and feelings, once repressed on account of their painful nature, do nevertheless, in that vast hinterland to which they are banished, complicate themselves and acquire a vitality seemingly all their own and repeatedly attempt to return thence and enter consciousness again. Such, however, is the lack of frankness and straightforwardness in our composition that, if they would return, they are forced to assume disguises. Thus it has been proved over and over again by Freud and his followers that an unhappy love affair, though apparently healed, has returned in the shape of

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some physical ill, a neuralgia, a hysteria, some one or other of many diseases. At first sight it seems almost like believing in a joke as a serious matter—as if, indeed, it should be said that an *affaire du cœur* after once having been forgotten, should reappear as a cardiac affection. But this seemingly humourous situation is in reality no joke, according to the psychoanalysts. A wrong belief about love may really be the only true cause of a skin disease. Repression of natural instincts, the checking of the natural outflow of the unconscious craving, if not sublimated, may turn that vital force (conversion, they call that turning) inward upon the organs of secretion and cause a physical lack of balance known to us under the name of disease.

Psychoanalysis thus explains hysterias and many other forms of nervous troubles as the results of the conflict between the conscious and the unconscious parts of the ego. Likewise phobias, which are exaggerated and compelling fears (beautifully illustrated in the prelude to *The Research Magnificent*), and many other characteristics which, until the advent of the newer psychology, were classified merely as accidental eccentricities, are now known to be quite available keys to the understanding of human life.

The greater conflict is between the primordial craving of the soul for life, love and activity and the countless restrictions imposed by social conditions upon the expression of that craving. Wells satirises with keenest appreciation the essential qualities of that restriction as seen in English society. The tragedy of *The Passionate Friends* is caused by it. So is the attempt of Benham to understand true aristocracy and the failure of his attempt is due to his inability to reconcile the warring elements in his nature. In Lady Harman the unconscious craving is shown completely quelled even from her young girlhood, and her entire married life is a spiritual impossibility, due to her never being able to escape for an hour from the restrictions her conventional marriage has imposed. She is, indeed, a bird, not caged but handled, held in the covetous paws of her outrageous little husband, and freed at last by his death. In *Marriage* alone is a conscious attempt made to harmonise the Unconscious and the conscious life by the man and the woman whose complete happiness depends on that harmony. It is successful because of their extraordinary intellectual endowment, and in it we have a model for the solution of all similar conflicts.

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ACROSS THE ZONE

BY ISABEL ANDERSON
(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

I

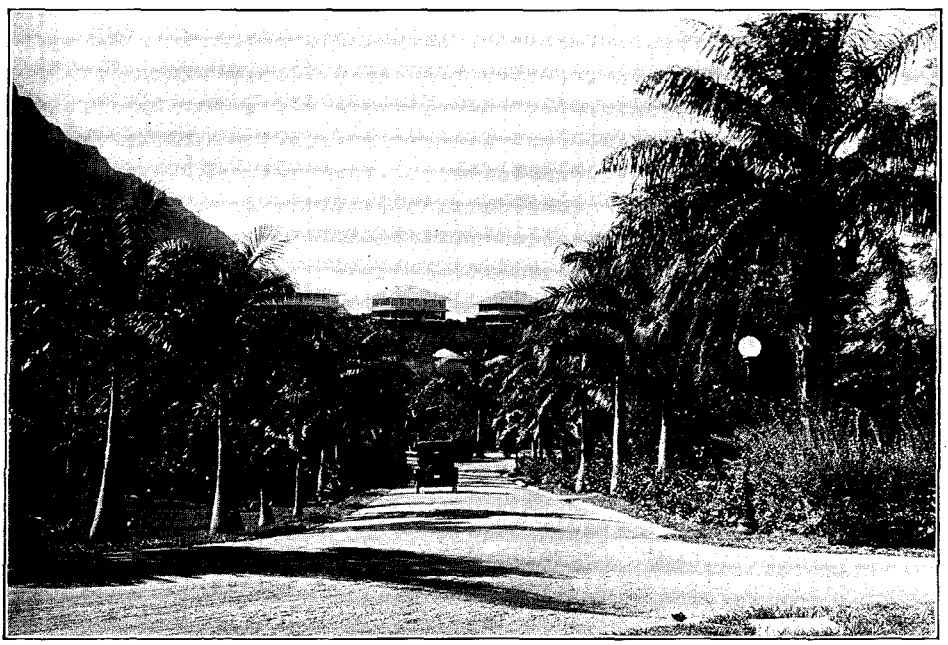
It's the old, old road and the old, old quest
Of the cut-throat sons of Cain,
South by west and a quarter west,
*And hey for the Spanish Main.**

OUR course was over the great Spanish Main, which could tell us tales hard to picture to ourselves in these modern days. Leaving behind Cape San Antonio, on the western end of Cuba, opposite Yucatan, we passed into the Caribbean Sea.

The stories of the early explorers are thrilling. Columbus, after his stop at San Domingo on his fourth voyage, sailed over to the Isthmus. Balboa crossed the Isthmus, where the canal is now, in 1513, and discovered the Pacific Ocean. Magellan, too, searched in these parts for a western passage. Of the other Spanish explorers, Davalos and Ponce de Leon went as far north as St. Augustine, Florida. It was with real delight that I read of Drake, Morgan and Kidd, of galleons, privateers and treasure ships.

Although the Spaniards looked upon the New World as their possession by virtue of the Pope's decree dividing all the newly discovered lands between Spain and Portugal, many French, English and Dutch ships defied the Spanish law and ventured to trade with the smaller settlements that were not garrisoned. The settlers were not too loyal to buy goods of these traders and thus

*Masefield.



BALBOA HEIGHTS ROAD, LINED WITH ROYAL PALMS

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avoid the payment of duties. In this way a smuggling trade grew up which had its headquarters on the coast of Hispaniola, where their ships could be safely moored and the crews could obtain meat by killing the wild boars and cattle that roamed through the interior. They cured this meat as they had learned to do from the Carib Indians. It was dried on a grating, called a barbecue, raised on poles two or three feet above a camp-fire. Only green wood was used for the fire, which was thus kept low, and on it were thrown at intervals the hide and bones of the animal. The meat cured in this way was called "boucanned," from the Indian word boucan, meaning dried meat and camp-fire, so these smugglers, who prepared it, came to be known as buccaneers.

But the buccaneers were not simply smugglers. They were on the Spanish Main "maugre the King of Spain's beard." The Spanish Government considered them "interlopers," and gave them short shrift. It was war to the knife between them and the Spanish ships. Gradually, more and more adventurers and desperadoes came to the shores of Hispaniola, and a colony was formed of these outlaws of the sea. After Sir Francis Drake's successful raid on San Domingo and Cartagena, great numbers of privateers followed and established a base on the small island of Tortuga. They soon made themselves feared by their raids. By degrees the French buccaneers got possession of Tortuga, while the English made Jamaica their headquarters. In time of war French and English governors commissioned them as privateers, and thus a sort of governmental sanction was lent to them.

Masefield has caught the spirit of the buccaneers in these dashing lines:

I'm going to be a pirate with a bright brass pivot gun,
And an island in the Spanish Main beyond the setting sun,
And a silver flagon full of red wine to drink when work is done,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

With a spy-glass tucked beneath my arm and a cocked hat cocked askew,
And a long, low, rakish schooner a-cutting of the waves in two
And a flag of skull and cross-bones the wickedest that ever flew,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer.

Sir Francis Drake, greatest of the English captains, who perhaps had more than a dash of the pirate in him, came to his death in these waters, and the famous Dampier, who sailed three times round the world in the seventeenth century, is also associated with the Spanish Main. But Morgan is the best known, for among his exploits he sacked Old Panama, and was rewarded with the rank of admiral in the British navy and also with the office of deputy governor of Jamaica.

We were sailing in these waters near five countries that are commonly described as "on the Isthmus." Close to the narrow strip that actually joins the two continents are Colombia on the south and "happy Costa Rica" on the north. Costa Rica has been prosperous and peaceful until very lately, when they had a bloodless revolution. Its capital, San Jose, contains some very handsome buildings. Honduras is supposed to be the most out-at-heels, but has the distinction of having an honest president, by the name of Davila. Salvador is the only one of the Central American states that borders on the Pacific alone, not extending across to the Caribbean Sea. It is densely populated and has some fine mountain scenery. Only recently it has experienced a very severe earthquake. Guatemala is the oldest of these countries and at one time reached a high stage of civilisation, but now shares with Nicaragua the reputation of being the most troublesome.

It was our good fortune to have a narrow escape from a violent hurricane. A few months before, a steamer of this line had gone down in a storm, and not a soul or a vestige of the ship had ever been seen again. But as we approached Swan Island the wind died out and that night

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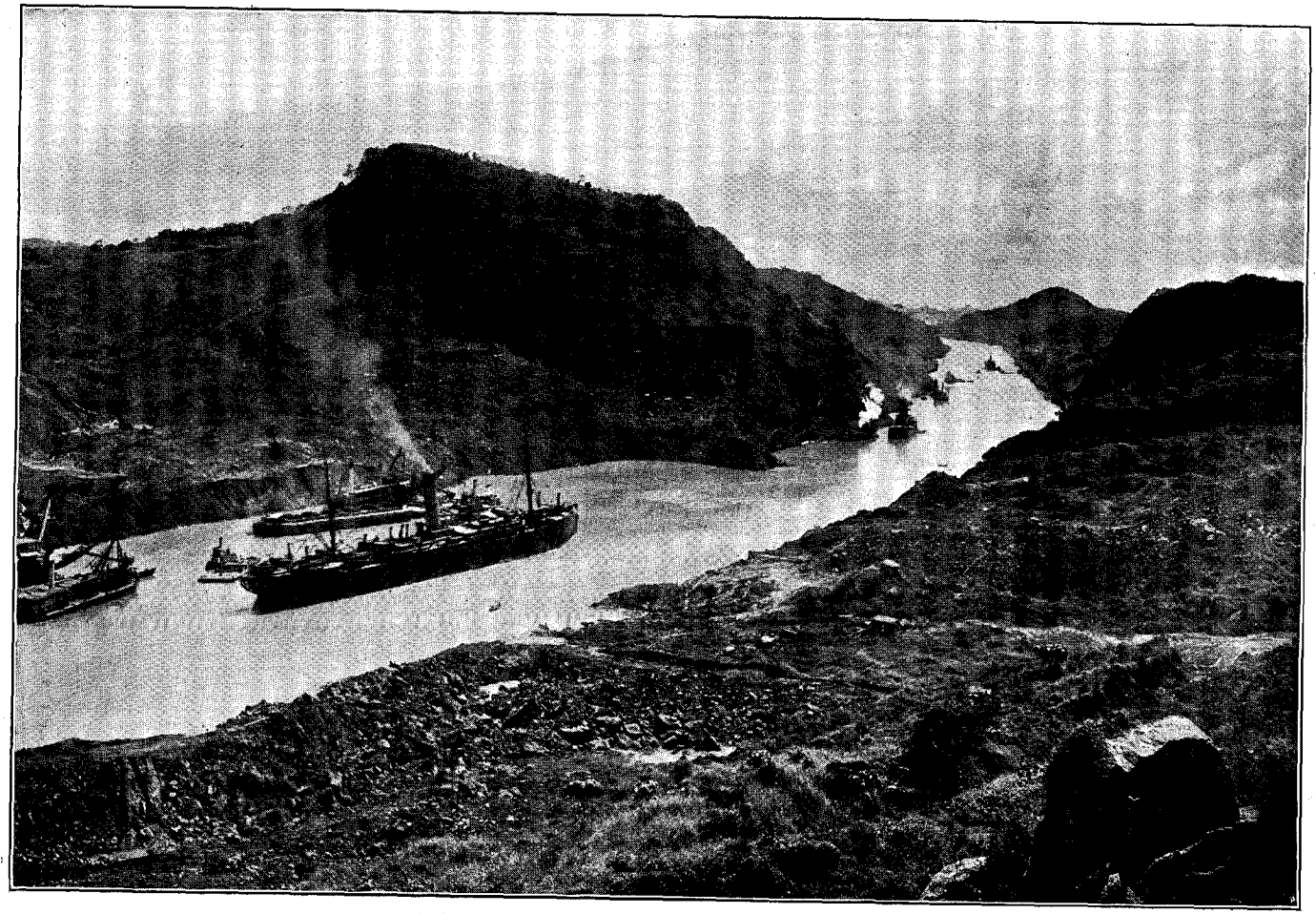

CULEBRA CUT, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE WEST BANK

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the sky was ablaze with stars and the Southern Cross was above the horizon—always a disappointment, however, for it is a poor galaxy and little suggests a cross. This island is a bit of American coral named for an old freebooter, upon which the United Fruit Company maintains a wireless station and a lighthouse, as they do on many other dangerous points on this coast, where governments refuse to do their duty. It was pleasant to reflect that this was the result of Boston enterprise. We moved slowly toward the light, for it was dark on the water, until we made out the dim outline of the little reef and saw the twinkling lanterns of small boats that came out to meet us and transfer food and fuel for the island. Only once every three weeks does a ship stop here to deliver supplies and mail, yet the men on the lonely reef know everything that goes on in the world through their wireless.

It is one hundred miles from New Orleans down the river to the Gulf of Mexico and fourteen hundred to the Isthmus of Panama. It was something of a revelation to appreciate where the Canal Zone, which is a strip across the Isthmus, is situated in relation to other places. The canal runs northwest and southeast, and, strangely enough, its Pacific end is farther east than the Atlantic end.

The light off Colon-Cristobol was at last sighted, and a torrential tropical storm came up also to make us realise that the steamer was nearing land. She slowed up for a while, but soon passed in behind the great breakwater that encloses the harbour entrance. The rows of lights twinkling along the shore made one feel it must be a second New York rather than Colon-Cristobol. Colon is the old Panamanian town, which is gradually losing its grip, while Christobol is the American town, where the new docks and terminals and offices are being built.

With the rising sun the doctor appeared and made a strict examination of all the passengers, for that is the only way to keep the Zone free from scourge. He vaccinated almost every one on board. The pilot took our boat in to the wrong side of the dock, so that she had to back out and come in again, but at last she tied up and we were able to telephone to General Edwards—now in command of the northeastern department, with headquarters in Boston—whose guests we were to be. We learned that his "trolley" was on the way over for us, and in the meantime resolved to see the sleepy, sad little town. I say sad because most of it was burned down the year before.

It was picturesque, however, with its motley crowds of people, its porticoed houses and small shops, its plazas full of foliage and flowers, rather scraggly but glowing with colour.

Such a mixture of costumes as we saw! There were East Indians with embroidered caps and turbans, and Chinese and, queerest of all, the San Blas Indians, who were very amusing in baby derby hats. Years ago an enterprising American sold this kind to them, and now they will wear nothing else. They marry only with their own kind, and they will not let a white man pass a night in their village. The women wear nose rings and bead anklets, which are put on them in childhood and deform the legs as they grow larger. America really needs, and should arrange to acquire, their land in order to protect the eastern end of the canal. We stopped at the post-office in the Panamanian town. Not a soul was there to sell stamps, and we decided our letters might never get off, so took them over to be mailed in the Washington Hotel—quite the best in these parts—in the American town. The hotel was built in Spanish style, with terrace and balustrade facing the ocean, and a big tank by the sea wall for bathing.

General Edwards, at that time commanding on the Isthmus, sent his aide, a handsome young officer, to meet us in his private track motor. This was General Edwards's own conveyance, really a miniature railway car, which travelled over the track in the guise of a special train. The chauffeur was an orderly

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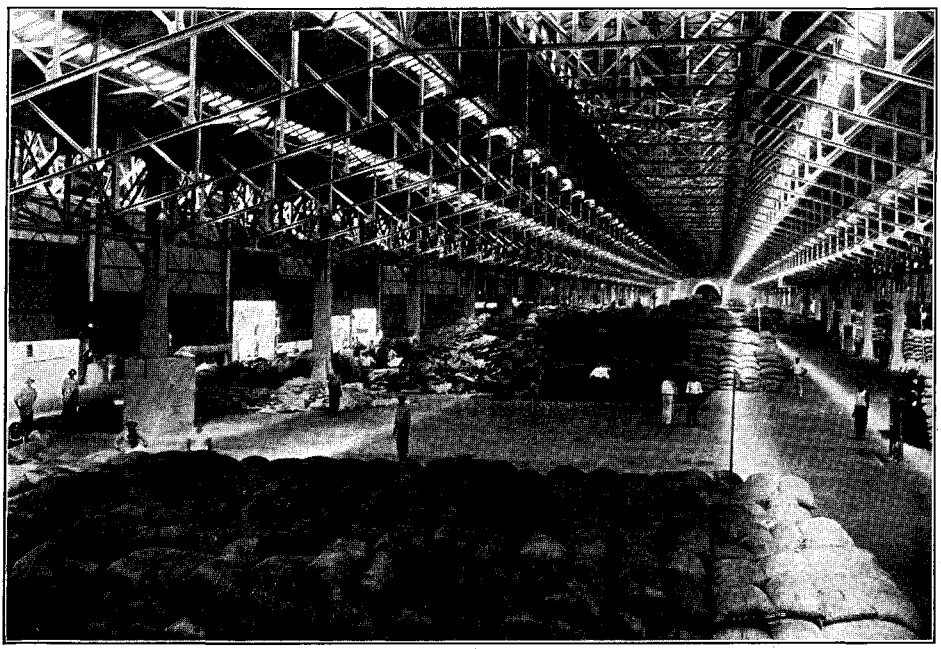

ATLANTIC TERMINALS, INTERIOR OF PIER NO. 7

sergeant; it appeared that the labour unions had considered the position of such importance that they had protested to the President that a soldier ought not to interfere with the possible work of one of their members! We started off in this little car, backing and filling through the traffic in the town, and so began a strange trip along the marvellous and much talked of canal across the Isthmus.

Travelling in this curious motor was rather exciting, as the car did not run very well and the gasoline gave out, and we had to flag real trains and sidetrack —for there was tremendous traffic on the Panama Railroad, especially at that time, when the canal was closed by the great slide. We ran out into the country and jungle over fifty miles, past the great Gatun Locks, along the flooded lakeside, where villages and the wide valley were submerged by the waters of the dam and spillway at Gatun, past the Pedro Miguel Locks and the Miraflores and the Pacific approach, to Balboa, Ancon and the town of Panama, the three communities at the Pacific end of the Zone.

The railway followed the canal part of the way, and part of the way wandered off through the jungle between the mountains, where there were fine bits of forest, and beautiful trees whose tops were all a mass of blue blossoms, and caiba and ylang-ylang, like flames, ablaze with yellow and red. Tangles of rank undergrowth darkened the ravines that led up between the ridges, and there were orchids in profusion hanging from the trees, and huge-leaved plants and trailing foliage and vines. Further back in the forest there were monkeys and paroquets, and in the streams many alligators. Where the railway ran beside the canal everything looked green, for the luxuriant tropical growth had obliterated the scars of the work of a few years ago.

The motor whizzed by villages in which canal workmen lived—"gold and silver workmen," as they are called. The "gold" are the white men, who get high

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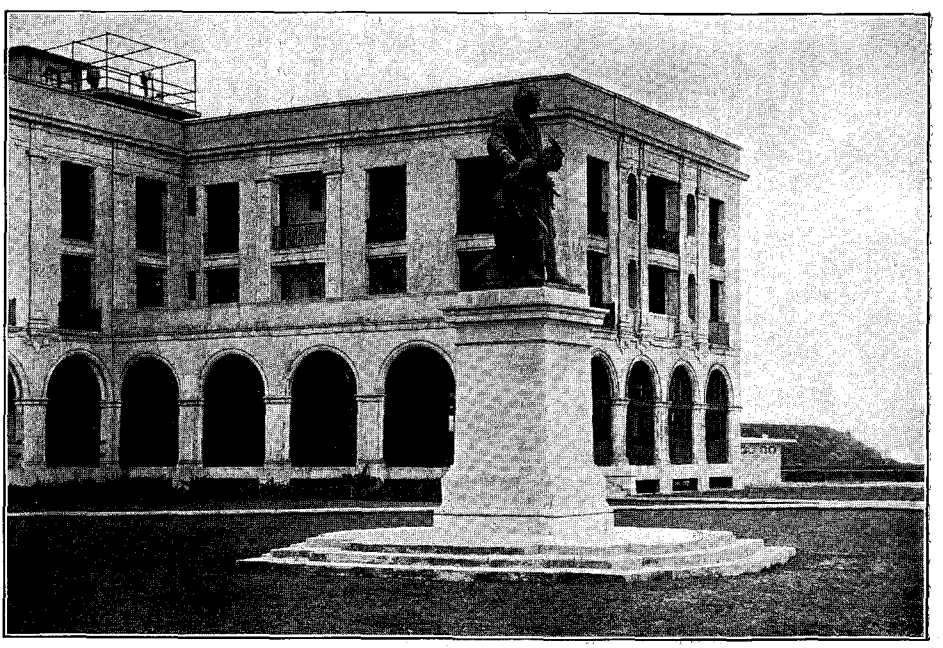
wages, the "silver" are the blacks. All these villages have been built by the Americans. Most of the houses are on stilts—on account of the rainy season and the tropical insects and snakes—and many have broad, screened piazzas surrounding them completely, so that no glass is needed in the windows. Some of the houses were made from old freight cars, yet decorated with beautiful orchids. For pets the people had black and white monkeys, small deer and parrots.

At last we reached Balboa, and here took a real motor to the General's house, half-way up on the ridge of high Ancon Hill, where it commanded magnificent views. It had wide windows and verandas, and cool rooms with fine baths, and we were made very comfortable. The servants were a black cook from Jamaica, who was very good, although she smoked cigarettes all the time she was cooking, a chambermaid from Martinique, and a butler, who was a well-trained Panamanian. The place was clean and attractive and I never saw a mosquito all the time I was there. I had a visit from a spider, a water bug and a firefly in my bedroom, but that was all, though I heard that a boa-constrictor had been found under the house a few months before. Big lizards, however, crept round the gardens, for they especially like to eat the flower buds.

The cool, airy veranda was screened, so that the bright tropical sunlight was modified, and far below it extended one of the most interesting views in the world. We looked up the valley to the Miraflores Locks of the canal and the lake which they retain. On the other side was the bay, which makes in from the Pacific Ocean, broken by the high, steep islands that cover the entrance to the canal. Off toward the sea could be seen Fort Grant with its rows of red-roofed quarters. Far below us were the workshops and the marvellous new dry dock.

The town of Ancon, which was started by the French, is a veritable hanging gar-



STATUE OF COLUMBUS, WASHINGTON HOTEL

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den creeping up the slope, its perfect roads winding zigzag up the sides of the mountain, with rows of tall palms along terraces and richly foliaged hedges of croton and hibiscus. There are great shading trees—the mango, the rain tree, and the poinciana all aglow with red flowers—and the houses with verandas are smothered under masses of bougainvillea in different glorious shades, poinsettia and the pink "chain of love." In these lovely surroundings are the detached cottages of the hospital and the home of former Governor Goethals.

Beyond Ancon, on the other side toward the sea, is Panama "City," the Panamanian town which still remains to Panama, and which is a typical Central American city in flavour and appearance—except that it is cleaner and more wholesome. Here we had the unique experience of being able to visit, just by crossing a street (for Ancon and Panama join), a Central American city, a hotbed of sedition and revolution and bad government and dramatic incident, and yet were able to leave it by crossing back over the street into a well-governed American community—much better governed than communities at home.

An afternoon was spent in Panama City wandering about its picturesque streets with overhanging balconies hung with awnings and gay with flowers. Indians and Panamanians were living their lives out in the open, the women walking along with that splendid swing that comes from carrying loads on their heads, and señoritas smiling or demure, and lazy, ogling men in front of the cafés. There are more mixed colours there than can be imagined—blacks, browns and yellows—for there are many Chinese—hardly a really white family. We looked into rooms that were half bedroom, half shop. Again we went by plazas full of flowering trees, and strolled down by the sea, where terraces led along and boats were drawn up below on the rocks, past the president's house, with its guard of honour of loafing soldiers, and past the Opera House, an ambitious building all streaked with tropical rain and heat, to the parapet of the old fort which juts out into the ocean. Here more armed soldiers sat about and spat about. The cathedral and several churches were interesting outside from their rich baroque façades, but inside their altars were covered with Lenten veils.

A rather curious social condition exists even to-day. In old times when the people revolted against Mother Spain and the Spaniards were driven out, some of the slaves became generals and bandit rulers. Revolutions still take place every four years at election time. The president in office when we were there was not a particularly good one. A Dr. Cherry was running to succeed him, who was supported by the better class of the people. He was not elected, however. Everybody of any prominence here seemed to be a doctor.

Panama was originally a part of Colombia. This northern bit revolted and seceded during Roosevelt's administration, and was sustained by the United States Government. Some people go so far as to say that the United States practically seized the Canal Zone, but our government offered to pay a large sum to Colombia, which sum that state is still haggling over. At one time Colombia boasted of her professors and poets; to-day she is going to pieces. There are even many lepers at large, one town in particular being filled with them—a town from which guava paste is shipped. What a pleasant thought!

Next to the canal itself the most interesting part of the Isthmus was the ruins of Old Panama, six or eight miles south of the present city. This Panama of the Conquistadores, the oldest European settlement on the western coast of America, dates from 1519. Here the treasures of Peru and the Philippines were landed, to be carried across the Isthmus by the Royal Way to Porto Bello on the other side and thence in galleons to Spain. It was more important than any other Spanish settlement in

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America except Cartagena. Old Panama was on the shore of the Pacific, looking toward that Eldorado of the Spaniards, the empire of Peru. "Its situation on that beautiful blue bay, with the Andes snowy in the distance, and the islands, like great green gems, to seaward, is lovely beyond words." The site was not selected for its beauty, however, but for the practical consideration that on account of the mussel beds nearby the settlers would be in no danger of starvation. It took the name of Panama, meaning "the place where many fish are found," from an Indian village on the same spot.

Here, on the borders of the New World, was a bit of old Spain that was described by writers of the time as the peer of Venice. It probably had a population of about thirty thousand, and was "the greatest mart for gold and silver in the whole world. . . . There were pearl fisheries up and down the bay, yielding the finest of pearls." The merchants who amassed fortunes here built fine houses of stone in Moorish style or richly carved dwellings of native cedar, in which were paintings by Spanish masters and all the luxuries of Europe and the Orient. They erected convents and monasteries and a beautiful cathedral, whose tower is still a landmark to sailors. Nothing of all this is to be seen to-day but heaps of stones rising out of a tangle of tropical growth, the almost perfect shell of the cathedral tower, and the flat arch of the ruined church of Santo Domingo, which "is one of the wonders of architecture, continuing to stand in defiance of the laws of gravity and the trembling of earthquakes."

All this wealth and magnificence were protected by sea and marshes on three sides, and on the fourth was a causeway, in which was the stone bridge still standing. Thus surrounded by water, not anticipating attack from the Pacific, and believing the dangers of the Isthmus would protect them from the pirates of the Main, the Spaniards thought themselves safe. But in January, 1671, the redoubtable Henry Morgan, chief of the buccaneers, landed at the mouth of the Chagres River, took the Castle of San Lorenzo, and advanced across the Isthmus. Instead of strengthening their fortifications and awaiting the enemy behind stone walls, the Spaniards marched in procession to the cathedral, where Masses were said for their success and gifts were laid upon the altar, and then took up their position on the plain outside the city. They numbered four hundred fine horsemen, twenty-four hundred footmen, and some Indians and negroes who were to drive two thousand wild bulls into the English ranks.

Morgan's ragged, hungry band of over a thousand men were exhausted from the long march, on which they had been forced to eat even the leather bags found in a deserted Spanish camp. It is said that "few or none there were but wished themselves at home." But they fought desperately, picking off the horsemen and charging the foot till the Spaniards fled in utter rout. After a rest Morgan marched upon the town, silenced the batteries, and soon was in possession of Old Panama.

While the pirates were revelling in the rich booty, it was discovered that the place was on fire, and in spite of all their efforts the great houses of the merchants disappeared in the flames; the warehouses, however, were saved. When Captain Morgan left the site of the city in February, "he carried with him one hundred and seventy-five beasts of carriage, laden with silver, gold and other precious things, besides six hundred prisoners more or less, between men, women, children and slaves." The Incas were avenged!

What a contrast! As we were looking at the ruins, along the trail road came a company of the Signal Corps of American soldiers, who were about to start in on manœuvres, with pack mules and equipage and in campaign uniform, and they turned in under the old tower and began to make camp. It was strange and novel to find these most modern of troops settling themselves un-

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der the grey ruins of the sack of so long ago. A tropical storm came up and pelted down rain in sheets for a few moments, but neither men nor mules seemed to mind and soon the sun was out again.

We motored by some haciendas on the trip out, which was over a rolling country with some plantations but chiefly grazing land. The cattle looked better than any I have ever seen before in the tropics. Along the way were some native houses, merely huts thatched with palm leaves.

(*To be concluded*)

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

HOWELLS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

OPEN-EYED, open-hearted, open-souled!
So, sun, moon and stars
Have flooded you with their light
And their light's vision.

These states stand united
Through wisdom like yours:
Wisdom of the open-eyed
Allowing for blindness;
Wisdom of the open-hearted
Allowing for meanness;
Wisdom of the open-souled
Allowing for self-deceit.

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THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

BY WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT

In its day, and for two or three centuries later, the *Romance of the Rose* was the most popular work composed in mediæval Europe. It consists of about twenty-three thousand eight-syllable verses in the old French original. That forms a very considerable poem. A poem in two volumes would be sufficient in our day to rebuff most readers. But think of copying out in longhand such a poem! Time was something to be killed by our ancestors, and hands were found to copy this endless poem almost two hundred times. That is to say, we have nearly two hundred French manuscripts of the *Roman de la Rose,* and that does not account for all those that must have been lost in the course of six hundred years. However, the figures give us some idea of what mediæval literary popularity was.

The extraordinary favour of the poem is to be explained by its dual authorship and its dual message to the thirteenth century. One cannot in this case speak of collaboration, for Guillaume de Lorris wrote the first four thousand six hundred and sixty-nine verses of the poem as we have it about 1230, and Jean Clopinel de Meung finished it about 1270. Each poet wrote in his own spirit, and their joint labours make the poem what it is. Those whom Guillaume did not catch with his pleasant treatise on love-making applauded the scathing arraignment of mediæval institutions and customs in the latter and larger part of the poem. Our authors were both the products of that wonderful thirteenth century, when French mediæval art and civilisation reached their highest expression. It was the century of St. Louis, the second century of the Crusades, when the Orient was beginning to penetrate the Occident, the finest period of Gothic architecture; the poetry of epic and romance was still in its bloom, while the realism and didacticism of the *bourgeois* schools of poetry were just coming into being with the rise of the middle class. All this kaleidoscopic variety of thought and action is thrown on the screen of poetry in the *Romance of the Rose.* The first part looks backward, and is the apotheosis of that school of courtly love which at the hands of the Provençal troubadours had done so much to purify and hallow the sensual theories of Ovid. The second part looks forward toward modern times, not in its treatment of love, but in its frank and critical spirit of satire, in its determination to clean the Augean stables of feudal and ecclesiastical privilege and abuse.

Guillaume de Lorris was a faithful follower in Love's train. He was intimately familiar with the classic and mediæval tradition which had brought many men like him and Dante to feel that the fullest manhood could be attained only in the absolute devotion of woman-service. He was an idealist, a gentle spirit, and a seeker after beauty along conventional lines. He wrote on the art of loving a more artistic allegory than anyone who had attempted it before him. In this sense his part of the poem is the last word in the innocuous mediæval philosophy of love. He focuses the attention upon the Lover, but the Lover has his thoughts fixed upon the woman. Hence, woman though the passive recipient of passion and service, is placed upon a pedestal as the object of man's strivings. This conception of woman's rôle is pleasing to all women, and to many men. There is always a market for such sentiments as those entertained by Guillaume de Lorris, and never more so than was the case during the long leisure hours of woman's ex-

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istence under a declining feudalism. Upward of a century before the *Roman de la Rose* was begun the romances of chivalrous adventure, relating the feats and quests undertaken by errant knights in honour of their ladies, bear evidence of the thirst for this kind of reading on the part of aristocratic women. This was the refined and leisurely public whose thirst for sentiment and gentle philosophy Guillaume de Lorris wrote to assuage.

Jean de Meung-sur-Loire wrote for a very different public. He was brimming over with another message to the next generation. Events were moving rapidly in this teeming thirteenth century, and Jean was more than abreast of his times. His is no poet's and lover's idealism, but a serious and solid naturalism, as Professor Lanson has remarked. He is a thirteenth-century Voltaire, an iconoclast, for whom nothing is sacred if it bars the way of common-sense and human nature. Less of an artist than his predecessor, he is more of a scholar. Familiar with the Past, disillusioned with the Present, he is convinced that there is something rotten in a civilisation held captive by feudalism and the Church. His cynical diatribes arrest attention. One can no longer allow oneself to be borne along upon the charming fancies of Guillaume's ornate allegory. Not the beauty of the Lover's world, but the sordid materialism of the mediæval *bourgeois,* smites us in the face the moment we have passed the limits of Guillaume's poem, and find ourselves delivered into the hands of a new guide and philosophy —*Dame Reason.*

The *Romance of the Rose* is an allegory, the most interminable allegory that ever became popular. Allegory is as old as literature. Many parts of the Bible are subject to allegorical interpretation, some of the finest mediæval literature is allegorical, and into the form of allegory much early Protestant thought was cast. But like the pastoral romance, allegory has had its day, perhaps never to be revived. At any rate, it is dead or dormant at present, and he would be a rash author who would stake his reputation to-day upon an allegorical poem of twenty-three thousand verses, or upon a pastoral romance in six volumes after the manner of the seventeenth-century *Astrea.* Allegory is defined as "the description of one thing under the image of another." In our poem the allegory consists in the description of a man's effort to win a maiden, under the image of a man in a garden seeking to pluck a rose. Hence, it is quite fitting to speak of the romance of the rose; for although a flower may not be the chief figure in a romance, a maiden may well take that part.

Allegory was one of the most common and popular vehicles for philosophical, religious, and didactic literature at the close of the Middle Ages. Guillaume de Lorris is not to be held responsible for his employment of it. Like most mediæval poets, Guillaume would not have boasted of any originality; he would rather have vaunted his fidelity to tradition and authority. And he would have been quite justified in so doing. There is nothing original in his part of the poem except the elegance and grace and poetic skill which cause us to mark with a star the *Roman de la Rose* in our histories of mediæval poetry.

Not only is the poem an allegory, it is also the record of a dream. And dreams and visions have been utilised in didactic literature from the earliest times. Here, however, the dream need not bother us; there is plenty of time for the reader to forget it is all a dream, before he reaches the end of the poem and wakes up with the poet.

Then, too, the identification of the maiden with a rose is not original. Mediæval poetry is full of maids named Fleurette, Blanchefleur, Eglantine, and Violette, and we have not yet ceased to name our daughters Rose, Violet, Lily, and Pansy. Professor Langlois in his *Origines et Sources du Roman de la Rose* has pointed out that the application

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of allegory to the treatment of the girl under the image of a rose had already been foreshadowed in a Latin poem, *Carmen de Rosa,* and in the French *Dit de la Rose.*

Neither the allegory, nor the dream, nor the rose, then, is original with Guillaume. No more original is the fourth outstanding feature of the poem: its elaborate theory of the art of love, leading up to a veritable philosophy or religion of love, by whose dictates the *honnête homme* of the late Middle Ages regulated his attitude toward the fair sex. When it is recalled that Ovid was, with Vergil, the best known of the Latin poets in the Middle Ages, it is evident what a mine of inspiration was opened in the *Metamorphoses,* the *Remedia amoris,* and the *De arte amandi.* Despite the literary value of much of Ovid's amorous poetry, it was an essentially physical and sensual conception of love which the Latin poet exploited. It had required the labours of Provençal troubadours and of mediæval philosophical writers to elaborate a nobler, if perfectly conventional, conception of woman as a superior creature to whom man's service was due by right. This conception of woman, which received its noblest interpretation at the hands of Dante in 1300, was a product of the twelfth century. Its rise and favour as a literary convention is variously and tentatively explained as being in part due to changing conditions in feudal life during the period of the Crusades, to the increasing place given to the Virgin Mary in Catholic thought, and to the spread of Provençal literary ideals throughout western Europe, notably after the Albigensian crusade dispersed in the early thirteenth century the homeless troubadours. Difficult as it is at this distance to distinguish such subtle currents of thought, we are on safe ground when we approach the purely philosophical and allegorical treatises composed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Professor Langlois has enumerated these previous treatments of the art of love, and clearly indicated the debt of both Guillaume and Jean to them. The most important of them is the Latin prose treatise *De arte honeste amandi,* written slightly before the *Roman de la Rose* by André le Chapelain at the Court of Troyes in Champagne, presided over by the elegant and refined Marie de Champagne, daughter of that Eleanor of Aquitaine who first married Louis VII of France, and later Henry II of England. This treatise was called by Gaston Paris "le code le plus parfait de l'amour courtois tel qu' on le voit en action dans les romans de la Table Ronde," and may be considered the official guide-book to the domain of the god of Love.

The interest of English literature in the *Roman de la Rose* is, of course, due to the literal translation of part of the poem, generally ascribed to Chaucer. Professor Legouis in his recent work on Chaucer (1910) thinks that Chaucer owed much of his inspiration as a poet to the French poem, and that he certainly is the author of the first part of the English translation as it stands. The interest of Chaucer in the French poem is probably due precisely to its mixed note of artistic idealism and of healthy realism. But the translation of twenty-three thousand verses was a big task. It was never finished. Like Guillaume with his original, so the English poet with his translation had to stop short of complete execution. Jean alone had the long breath necessary for such a *tour de force.* However, we shall avail ourselves of this classic English translation, so long as the help lasts, and put our hand in Chaucer's while he leads us through the sweet meads of the Garden of Love.

The time of our Lover's dream is naturally the month of May:

Hard is the hert that loveth nought
In May, whan al this mirth is wrought;
Whan he may on these braunches here
The smale briddes syngen clere
Her blesful, swete song pitous,
And in this sesoun delytous,
Whan love affraieth alle thing,
Me thought a nyght, in my slepyng,

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Right in my bed ful redily,
That it was by the morowe erly;
And up I roos, and gan me clothe;
Anoon I wisshe myn hondis bothe;
A sylvre nedle forth I droughe,
Out of an aguler queynt ynoughe,
And gan this nedle threde anon,
For out of toun me list to gon,
The song of briddes for to here
That in thise buskes syngen clere,
And in the swete seson that leve is;
With a threde bastyng my slevis,
Alone I wente in my plaiyng,
The smale foules song harknyng,
They peyned hem ful many peyre.
To synge on bowes blosmed feyre.
Joly and gay, ful of gladnesse,
Toward a ryver gan I me dresse,
That I herd renne faste by;
For fairer plaiyng non saugh I
Than playen me by that ryvere,
For from an hille that stood ther nere,
Cam doun the streme ful stif and bold.
Cleer was the water, and as cold
As any welle is, sooth to seyn,
And somdele lasse it was than Seyn,
But it was strayghter, wel-away!
And never saugh I, er that day,
The water that so wel lykede me;
And wondir glad was I to se
That lusty place, and that ryvere;
And with that watir that ran so clere
My face I wysshe.

While strolling beside the river, he came to a garden with a high wall round about, upon which were painted many ugly and fearsome images of Hate, Felony, Villainy, Covetousness, Avarice, Envy, Gloom, Old Age, Hypocrisy, and Poverty. After smiting upon the gate of this garden, the Lover was admitted by a charming damsel called *Idleness*, who passes him on to *Courtesy*. Through the lovely garden, to the accompaniment of sweet birds' song, *Courtesy* leads the Lover to where a gay dance is in progress, led by *Mirth, Gladness, Love, Beauty, Riches, Largess, Frankness*, and accompanying youths who owned their sway. One carries away from all this description of the garden of Love a memory of yellow sunshine, green trees, graceful youth, and song of birds:

These briddes, that I you devise,
They songe her songe as faire and wele
As angels don espirituel.
And, trusteth wel, that I hem herd
Ful lustily, and wel I ferde;
For never yitt sich melodye
Was herd of man that myghte dye.

Of the train of dancers, the poet has much good to say, but particularly of Largess, the patron virtue of all mediæval minstrels, in which their hopes were set:

Largesse, that settith al hir entente
For to be honourable and free;
Of Alexandres kyn was she.
Hir moste joye was, ywys,
Whan that she gaf, and seide, "Have this."
Not Avarice, the foule caytyf,
Was half to gripe so ententyf,
As Largesse is to geve and spende.
And God ynough alwey hir sende,
So that the more she gaf awey,
The more, ywys, she hadde alwey.

After the dance, the Lover walks off through the trees of this earthly paradise, leaving the pairs of lovers behind him:

Thanne hadde I wille to gon and see
The gardyne that so lykede me,
And loken on these faire loreyes,
On pyn trees, cedres, and oliveris.
The daunces thanne eended were;
For many of hem that dauncede there
Were with her loves went awey
Undir the trees to have hir pley.
A, Lord! they lyvede lustyly!

Coming along presently to the spring of Love, he gazed, as his forerunner Narcissus had done, into the depths, and saw reflected there a beautiful rose which he had not before remarked.

In thilke mirrour sawe I tho,
Among a thousand thinges mo,
A roser charged full of rosis,
That with an hegge aboute enclosid is.

Cupid, ever on the watch for innocent victims, then shot the poet with five

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arrows which he carried in his quiver, and each arrow served to wound more deeply the victim's heart. These arrows are named *Beauty, Simplicity, Frankness, Company,* and *Fair-Semblance.* Had not the last named been dipped in a soothing ointment, the wound would have been mortal. He who is smitten with this arrow does not die, but lives on in an agony of alternating hope and despair. The god of Love then instructs the Lover by means of a series of those "enseignements," "chastiements," or counsels which are current throughout old French poetry, as to how to live on and prosper in his new estate. The whole art of making love is here set forth. But most important of the injunctions is:

And alle wymmen serve and preise,
And to thy power her honour reise.
And if that ony myssaiere
Dispise wymmen, that thou maist here,
Blame hym, and bidde hym holde hym stille.
And set thy myght and alle thy wille
Wymmen and ladies for to please,
And to do thyng that may hem ese,
That they ever speke good of thee,
For so thou maist best preised be.

When he had been charged concerning the importance of dress, cleanliness, skill in music, generosity, fidelity, sincerity, and patience, this precious hint is added from Ovid and other experts in the way to woman's heart:

Yit with o thing I charge thee,
That is to seye, that thou large be
Unto the mayde, that hir doith serve,
So best hir thanke thou shalt deserve
Geve hir giftes, and get hir grace,
For so thou may thanke purchace,
That she thee worthy holde and free.

Then Love leaves him, fortified with a liberal allowance of that Hope without which "there should no lover live."

Next there comes to his aid a lusty bachelor named *Good-Address,* who leads him toward the Rose. The Rose has, however, many protectors, such as *Danger, Wicked Tongue,* and *Shame,* whose hostility is overcome with difficulty by *Good-Address* and *Venus,* who is an enemy of *Chastity* and of the other guardians of the Rose. The climax of bliss and satisfaction is reached when the Lover was granted the privilege of kissing the Rose:

Thanne of my peyne I gan to lysse,
And to the rose anoon wente I
And kisside it fulle feithfully.
Thar no man aske if I was blithe;
Whanne the savour soft and lythe
Stroke to myn herte withoute more,
And me alegged of my sore,
So was I fulle of joye and blisse.
It is faire sich a flour to kisse,
It was so swoote and saverous.
I myght not be so angwisshous,
That I mcte glad and joly be,
Whanne that I remembre me.
Yit ever among, sothly to seyne,
I suffre noye and moche peyne.

Instantly all the careless guardians of the Rose are afoot and assume a hostile mien. *Good-Address* is arrested and confined within the strong tower of *Jealousy* for his connivance in the crime that has just been committed. The prisoner is placed in the care of an old hag whose cynical philosophy of love is later divulged, and who belongs to the ancient type of procuress which reached its most complete expression in the Spanish Celestina and in Regnier's Macette. Here we must leave the unhappy *Good-Address* in *Jealousy's* duress till the very close of the poem.

Deserted by his friends, and with the grateful fragrance of the kiss still fresh upon his lips, the Lover is now approached by *Dame Reason.* Here we take leave of Guillaume de Lorris, and deliver ourselves and the Lover into the rougher hands of Jean de Meung. *Reason* tries for three thousand lines to argue the Lover out of his fidelity to Love and enlist him in her own service. Rebuffed, she washes her hands of him; but God sends him a new and sympathetic counsellor in the person of a *Friend,* who tells him how to court the defenders

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of the Rose, and win their confidence. *Love* next returns to help the Lover, and after rallying his barons, he decides to attack the tower of *Jealousy* and release *Good-Address*. Thus no real progress has been made in the love-story during the first seven thousand verses of Jean's contribution.

We are now in point of quantity halfway through the poem as it stands. The rest is taken up with endless discussions and set speeches by members of the host arrayed before the tower of *Jealousy*. Finally, an onslaught is made, the tower is set on fire by a shaft from *Venus's* bow, the defenders run off or are killed, *Good-Address* is set free, and the Lover culls the Rose.

"By the branches I seized the rose-bush, which was more pliable than any reed. And when I had it firmly in my hands, without pricking my fingers, I began gently to shake the bud, for I could not get it without causing it to stir. So I moved and pressed aside the branches as gently as I could, not wishing to do any violence. Yet I had to bruise a little of the bark, for otherwise I could not reach the object of my desire. Finally, in spreading open the leaves of the bud so as to see into its depths, I caused a little of the pollen to fall from the flower; but that was all the harm I did. . . . Then I blithely plucked the Rose from the stem of the leafy bush. And just as I picked the red, red Rose, the dawn appeared, and I awoke."

A few typical selections from the second part of the poem will give a sufficient idea of its character. *Reason's* definition of love, taken from André le Chapelain, strikes the note of Jean's philosophy:

"If I understand it aright, love is a malady of the imagination which develops between two free individuals of opposite sex. It is the product of the heat of a disordered imagination, and seeks bodily relief through the exercise of kiss and fond embrace. Love has no other object in view but to delight in the fire in which it burns. Not to produce fruit is its desire, but to revel in sensual delights."

No wonder that one has been justified in saying that "when he touched the Rose, Jean caused it to wither!"

The following is taken from Jean's account of the development of society among primitive men, reminding one of Rousseau's Dijon thesis and the *Social Contract,* written almost five centuries later:

"Because men thought so much of gold, they tore it from the soil, and wrested from the bowels of the earth the metals and the precious stones for which the people yearned, now become victims of avarice and covetousness. While one piles up, the other hoards; and because it can never all be spent, it is left to guardians, heirs and executors. . . .As a result of this, people grew wicked and went astray from their early mode of life. Given over to their evil ways, they became false deceivers. They struggled to secure their private property, and even parcelled out the land with boundary stones to mark the fields. Then they fought over these boundary stones, and took from each other what they could. While the stronger were engaged in securing the lion's share, the lazy sneaks who stayed at home entered their caves and stole their goods. Then some one had to be appointed to guard their homes, and seize the criminals, and secure justice for those who were wronged—some man whom none would dare to withstand. So they assembled to make a choice. And the choice fell upon the biggest and brawniest thug of all the number, whom they then made their prince and lord. He swore to safeguard their rights, and defend their homes, if each would in turn contribute to his support, to which they all then gave consent."

One of the best tirades, too long for quotation, is that of *Hypocrisy,* directed against all the smug churchmen and laymen who seek to enter the Kingdom of Heaven without casting aside their earthly baggage. Not less plainly than Molière in *Tartuffe* does this mediæval

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clerk distinguish between the real and the false *dévot*. It is not his habit that makes the monk, and there is many a saint in private life who will never be canonised. It is not the dress without, but the heart within, that counts. So also, in another place, he defines the true gentleman:

"There may be some one who will maintain, as is commonly held, that the gentlemen are of better stuff, being born of noble stock, than those who till the soil and live by the sweat of their own brow. To them I answer, that no man is gentle but him who is intent upon virtue; and none is base but him whose folly is shown forth in his vice. He is noble whose heart is right; for gentle birth is of no avail unless the heart be gentle, too. His parents' prowess and the honour won by their accomplishments must show forth afresh in him. For when they died, their virtues perished with them, and their heirs got nothing but their pelf. So much they have, but nothing more, except what gentility and worth they may acquire by their own sense and virtues."

Jean's treatment of woman is that accorded her by the clerks, who inherited the tradition of monasticism. She was the cause of "man's first disobedience," and of most of the sin and trouble in the world—a siren whose wiles and tricks were ceaselessly employed to ensnare foolish and thoughtless men. Much of this treatment would not afford grateful reading in the twentieth century, but a few lines will show the mediæval coquette as she sets out through the streets:

"After she has carefully surveyed herself in the mirror to see if she is properly attired, she may step out into the street. Let her be careful of her bearing, that it be not too indolent and not too stiff, not too erect and not too stooping, but pleasing in whatever throng she moves. Shoulders and hips should be carried in such a way that none may be her superior; and let her tread daintily in her little slippers, which she must have made so neat that they will closely fit her feet and leave no ugly wrinkles. And if her dress drops, or falls too near the pavement, let her lift it up at the side or in front, as if to get a little air, or as if she is thus accustomed to hold it up in order to walk more comfortably. Then let her see to it that her foot is just a bit exposed, so that any passer-by can catch a glimpse of its daintiness."

Enough has been said, and quoted from the poem, to indicate what a two-edged sword was wielded by the authors of the *Roman de la Rose*. It struck both ways, and those who escaped on one side were cut by the other edge of its seductive appeal. Two totally different conceptions of life and its purpose are effectively set forth in this long poem. No student of mediæval literature and society can afford to dismiss it without serious attention.

The courtly conception of love as the main object of life, to which man's highest efforts should be directed, continued to have its devotees, as Professor Langlois has well pointed out, long after the day of Guillaume de Lorris: the fifteenth century had its exponent in Charles d'Orléans, called "the last of the troubadours," and later generations were enraptured with the prose romances of *Astrée, Clélie,* and *Le grand Cyrus*. Who can deny that so long as men are men and women are women there will be those who will read, if not evolve for themselves, conventional treatises on the way of a man with a maid?

Jean de Meung had a different public in view, a public that was different not only in point of time, but in the social stratum to which it belonged. For this public, life is a much more matter-of-fact affair, from which idealism and sentiment are conspicuously absent. For Jean de Meung marriage is a very practical partnership, from which sentiment is excluded, but which has certain tangible advantages connected with human nature and the propagation of the species. It is in the speeches of *Reason* and *Nature*, which are not heeded by

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the headstrong Lover, that Jean has expressed his own morality and that of his ilk. His cynical attitude toward many of the customs and abuses of mediæval society is placed in effective contrast by the charming, pastoral "cadre" or frame of what is ostensibly a love poem. Romance and naturalism! Never perhaps in the history of literature was a single allegory charged with such a double load.

For an obscure clerk, Jean de Meung was a very widely read scholar. Whereas Guillaume de Lorris seems directly indebted only to Ovid and Macrobius of the Latin authors, Jean draws freely upon Aristotle and Plato (in Latin translations), Cicero, Ovid, Sallust, Vergil, Horace, Livy, Lucan, Juvenal, Macrobius; of Christian writers he uses Augustine, Roger Bacon, Abelard, Jean of Salisbury, André le Chapelain, Guillaume de St. Amour, and Boethius. Professor Langlois claims to have identified the source of about twelve thousand verses out of a total of seventeen thousand five hundred by Jean. He ranges at ease from Homer to the contemporary schoolmen. The fortune of the Lover and the Rose as conceived by Guillaume is perhaps the object of his least concern. He simply saw the possibilities of Guillaume's allegory, left hanging incomplete in the air, and while adding *Nature, Reason,* and *Genius,* used the same *dramatis personae* for the exploitation of his own rugged and common-sense philosophy. In his part of the poem, then, the interest of the modern reader is focussed upon the tirades of *Reason, Nature, Hypocrisy* and the rest. At times a poet, Jean is constitutionally a pedant. The combination is frequently met in the Middle Ages, when pedantry was the ear-mark of didactic poetry. At all times he is a daring philosopher, forecasting that break with the Past in Church and State which was not to be realised for five hundred years in France.

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THE FRANCE WHO PRAYS

BY JULES BOIS

AMERICANS ought to know with a growing intimacy the France of to-day, faithful to her most glorious traditions, but so widely different from the France which biased or superficial reports had presented in a false light. The France that prays is one of the aspects of this true France. Our nation suffers, uncomplaining; it is buoyed up by the inspiration of the great liberating events now actually happening or those soon to come. The French people are united in a broad feeling of religious idealism, which is alien to all fanaticism and reveals itself in concentrated action. All the various confessions, including freethought, are agreed on praying to the sublime Spirit, who is above us and whom everyone senses—whatever may be the name we give Him—for humanity's victory over the enemies of Right and Civilisation.

Besides, France has always been "religious" in the fundamental acceptation of the word. She always cultivated beautiful things and salutary ideas. The anti-clerical movement in our country was never anything but the political outcome of political conflicts, which are inevitable in a democracy. One of the guiding principles of the Republic, declared by Gambetta, is that religion is a *matter of conscience,* and that the state must not intervene in the domain of personal convictions either to thwart or to impose them. If in France religious beliefs have sometimes clashed, it was not for lack of earnest convictions but, rather, because of a superabundance of faith.

It is only in the course of grave national crises and among peoples who are engaged in an earnest quest for truth and justice that there manifests itself a religious spirit, free from all internal sectarian dissensions and from conflict between orthodox doctrines and free thought—a spirit harmonious, integral, disdainful of petty detail, and welded together in the fire of a glowing and mystic enthusiasm. Such is the case of France. Especially since August, 1914, the French have been *believing together* just as they have been *acting together.*

I am confident that a perfect solidarity exists between the loftiest ideas and the purest and most profound feelings. They are so closely connected that they penetrate each other, so to speak. Religion, patriotism, love—one cannot awaken the one without the others. They may all be summed up in one formula and reduced to one force, namely, the spirit of sacrifice, which is the very essence of Christianity. Before the great trial, in the face of the common danger, all Frenchmen have acted as patriots. Thus, the same love for the same ideal has welded together their hearts. Consequently it was inevitable that a unanimity of religion should be realised, not, indeed, by uniformity of ritual, but by identity of hope and fusion of all individual wills in one.

An impressive ceremony has recently taken place within the walls of the old Sorbonne. Catholics, Protestants, Hebrews, and even Moslems, gathered together to declare solemnly their willingness to collaborate in their supreme duty toward France, her Allies, and Civilisation.

After the speeches made by Messieurs Deschanel and Viviani, Monseigneur Baudrillart said: "French Catholics, obedient to the voice of your bishops and inspired by their conduct, you have generously responded to all the calls of our country. As army chaplains, ambulance men, hospital attendants, soldiers, each at his post, your priests have gallantly done their duty. Setting everywhere

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the example, you have shed your blood plentifully. You have brought your riches without counting them; you have defended your country's good name before the world, proclaimed the justice of its cause and denounced the crimes of the foe that attacked it."

In the name of the Protestants, Monsieur André Weiss, in his turn, made this declaration: "The French Protestants bring their most resolute assistance to the magnificent effort of the nation, which has risen like one man against the powers of oppression and falsehood. Descendants of those proud Huguenots who, long before the Revolution, proclaimed the right of people to liberty, they affirm, in the very name of their religious faith, the justice and the sacredness of the cause upheld by the Allies."

Monsieur Sylvain Lévi expressed himself in these terms: "Israel has received from his prophets a steadfast faith in the triumph of Justice. To-day, France, which once emancipated the world, is again the champion of right. Her children of Hebrew faith will serve her unfailingly until the day of triumph, which must restore to the French communities Alsace, their ancient cradle."

The next declaration, that of the Imam Katrandji, ended as follows: "In this great conflict the Moslems of Northern Africa, faithful to the religion of their fathers, fight side by side with those who have always defended it. Our wealthy coreligionists have contributed their means, the poor have given their hands. There is not a single family which has not sent one of its members to shed his blood for the cause of France, her Allies, and Islam."

The soldiers and the civilians have not waited for these eminent speakers to bring about an agreement of religions both at the front and in the rear. The war is a school of austerity, tolerance, strict moral discipline, and mutual respect. Never before have there been so many saints and heroes, most of them obscure and voiceless. How many Catholic priests have joined the ranks in order to defend the sacred land of our forefathers and, at the same time, to bring the soldiers the encouragement and the solace expected from the ministers of the Gospel! There has been, and there still is, between all creeds a kind of rivalry of concord and devotion. Every Sunday, in Alsace, the Protestant parson helps the curé with the Mass, acting as organist. Dying soldiers hear prayers read by the regimental chaplain, irrespective of the Church to which he belongs. The authentic history of the rabbi of Lyon, who was slain on the battlefield at the moment when he presented a crucifix to a wounded Catholic officer, is well known. In a lecture delivered at the Lègue de l'Enseignement, M. Ferdinand Buisson, the promoter of the laws concerning lay education, recently demonstrated that this sacred union could not cease after the war, that it was both possible and indispensable.

In his book, entitled *The War Seen from an Ambulance,* M. L'Abbé Félix Klein, chaplain of the American ambulance at Neuilly, states that the year 1914 has inaugurated a new era of devotion, heroism and reconciliation. "God," he writes, "knows the good that has come out of so much suffering, and the still greater good which will come out of it in the future; that is why He has permitted all this affliction to enter the world, and has not checked the unbridled will, criminal but free, and, therefore, responsible for it. We, too, shall some day know it, this good for which so high a price has been paid. Unlike our beloved dead, we shall enjoy it not only in that invisible world where everyone reaps the harvest of joy or sorrow that springs from the merits or faults he has sown. We shall profit by it in this very world, where divine justice, which the unbelievers worship just as we do, but under another name, in the end deals out to nations, according to their conduct, prosperity or downfall, glory or infamy."

It is necessary to read the touching description of a midnight Christmas

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Mass, as it is depicted by the same ecclesiastical writer. The scene is laid at the Lycée Pasteur, which houses the American ambulance.

"Everywhere were seen banners of the Allied nations and that of the United States. Large ones were nailed above the doors and along the walls; small ones stuck everywhere, even in medicine boxes and in the corks of the bottles containing sterilised water.

"The chapel was all decorated with garlands and fresh branches. Sober candelabras lit up, on the altar, a background of green plants, made gay by several white lilies and snowballs. A magnificent palm-tree framed with its foliages the tabernacle and the crucifix itself. Higher up, on the back wall, a sheaf of Allied and American flags placed our ambulance work under celestial protection.

"But the true decoration of our chapel was the presence of the many wounded men. What was most striking about them was not the variegated colourfulness of costumes and the racial differences, but rather their very wounds, whose tale was told, in too lucid a language, by the bandages on their heads or hands, by the slings which supported their arms, by the crutches on which they leaned, by the arm-chairs in which some of them had been brought to the chapel. Centred around Christ, who sanctified the altar with His actual presence, the gathering resembled the scenes which, nineteen centuries ago, took place in Galilee. And at the moment of the Holy Communion, when, carried by my trembling hands, He came near to many of those present, the words 'Heaven has visited earth,' which a melodious voice chanted divinely in the depth of the chapel, were true words."

The presence of the religious element in this war lends to it aspects of indisputable novelty.

Here is another story, which is as strange as it is truthful:

"An artillery captain silences the enemy's guns by means of several well-aimed shots. The battery is again on the road and reaches a village or, at least, the ruins of one. The horses are speedily unharnessed. The men brush their clothes and disappear in a half-ruined barn. What are they going to do?

"A stone is placed on several empty cartridge-boxes. The captain is going . . . to sing the Mass. He is a curé. He hastily puts on his priestly robe; he looks rather queer, this curé who wears a cap with three galloons on it instead of a priest's cap. But there's nothing wrong with the Mass. . . . There is even a sermon, and what a sermon!

"He first tells his flock to pray for those for whom he is going to say Mass. *I particularly recommend to your prayers the German artillerymen whom we have just destroyed.* And he goes on to chant the *De Profundis!*"

The horrors of war, the pain it engenders, cast the human heart into unfathomable abysses, or, rather, exalt it to unsuspected heights. On these dazzling summits, in the double light of faith and heroic resignation, immortality is revealed to the elated spirit. Art and ideas are immortal and lend to those who practise them a portion of their eternity. Similarly, sentiments, too, are immortal; they impart to those who experience them an existence reaching out beyond the frontier of physical death. This survival is an example, a counsel, an action more efficacious than all the rest. It appears, nay, it is certain, that the heroes who had died for their country combat mysteriously, invisibly, side by side with those who, being alive, are, like their predecessors, prepared to sacrifice their lives on the altar of their common cause.

Here is a passage from a letter written by a mother who had already lost one of her sons and who encourages her remaining son, who is at the front, to do his duty to the end. This letter stoically witnesses to the faith that the dead co-operate in the work of reparation which the living have not as yet completed.

"May the Lord keep you safe for us

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who love you! We have been already so pitilessly tried that 'He' may well extend to us this grace of sparing you. Besides, I have told it to you: the soul of our dear René protects you and watches over you, my little Daniel. I feel it with a force which I cannot express. *The very dead combat with you.* I embrace you tenderly, my child."

There is an incalculable power in the collective prayer of a nation, especially if this prayer is unselfish. In our days the close study of the psychical forces will no doubt finally demonstrate, scientifically, so to speak, that prayer can work miracles, not only within the walls of revered sanctuaries, but also on battlefields, in bustling towns, in family life. Without prayer we would have either despair and utter prostration or a gloomy, disconsolate courage. It is necessary, as Monsieur Buisson wishes and hopes, that this state of affairs should last after the war and should be more than a temporary efflorescence of moral beauty.

Let us now listen to the words of Monsieur Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies and member of the French Academy, who has recently stated at a public sitting of the Institute that *a cry of love* rises high from the trenches and grave and hovers above the old soil of France.

"France of St. Louis, of Joan of Arc, of St. Vincent de Paul, of Pascal; France of Rabelais, of Descartes, of Molière, of Voltaire; France of the Crusades, and France of the Revolution, you are all sacred to us, and your sons have an equal place in our hearts as they have it in peril. Those who do not sight the common summit under the same sun have not looked either far or high enough.

"The same spirit must guide us in questions of religion. It is not sufficient to say governments have no authority in matters of religion. The state and the church even when separated meet in several grounds. May the spirit of wisdom banish fanaticism everywhere! Let us banish from our language these old words forged for old ideas: intolerance, tolerance. What! do we have to tolerate, to suffer each other? Do we have to cause suffering to one another? What we must say is not 'tolerance,' but 'respect.'

"The thought which does not respect faith is not a truly free thought, and a belief which casts a slur on freedom, instead of increasing its own power, loses it. Whoever despises the religious forces is likely, in politics, to be out of his reckoning; and whoever wants to impose a religion corrupts its source."

In fact, there is every chance that these wise counsels will be heeded. If one follows the history of France attentively, one concludes that France is a land of faith. The brain and the heart of our country have never been divided between belief, on one side, and unbelief, on the other. It is, on the contrary, a land of two religions, both of them sincere and fervent, which had confronted each other before reaching a final union. No, France is not, as it has often been imagined, a country divided into *believers* and *unbelievers*.

We *all* are and we *all* were *believers;* but our methods are not identical, our rituals are different, just as the temperament of the French, which, although one in essence, varies in form. Some of us follow a traditional religion, Catholic, Protestant or Hebrew; others adhere to a natural, purely human faith. But are not all sincere and idealistic aspirations in a way truly religious?

Some gravitate to a revealed Word; others freely obey a law outside the traditional creeds, as formulated at the order and by the light of the individual conscience. The first lived, and now they fight and die with the hope of seeing Heaven open its gates before them, according to the divine promise of the Scriptures and the Holy Sacrament. The second, too, lived and now combat and die, with eyes dazzled by the splendour of their simple human duty.

But what an error, what a crime, to have supposed that there was an irreconcilable antagonism between the adepts of

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traditional faith and those whom I shall call, not unbelievers, but independent believers.

Roused by patriotic heroism, both of them act together, and they are so closely united that what seemed to separate them can no longer be distinguished. Is not the blood which flows from their wounds one and the same? Mysterious fate, which places deathless laurels on these brotherly graves and on these hospital beds, so closely huddled together, does not separate them in its mercy and in its infinite justice. They are all equally Frenchmen; they are all human beings.

It is thus possible, without being misled by idle fancies and illusions, to foresee already a beneficent result of this war, which has sown so many seeds of mourning that the harvest of justice may be reaped. At the time of the great Revolution our forefathers fought and died for the *religion of freedom;* to-day, their great-grandchildren combat, die, and will triumph that the *freedom of religions* may be definitely established.

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THERE LIVED A LADY IN MILAN

THERE lived a lady in Milan
Wrought for a madness unto Man,
A fawn Il Moro could not tame;
Her beauty unbedecked with pearls
More than all Beatrice's girls,
Her eyes a secret subtle flame.

Brocade wherein her body dressed
Was hallowed; flowers her footstep pressed
Suspired incense ere they died.
Her father mazed with alchemy
Wrought in his cellar ceaselessly.
She lived in quiet, gentle pride.

And by her garden in his hour
Passed Leonardo, come with power
From Florence. So he saw her face
Bending above the shrivelled stalks
Of autumn on the garden walks.
And Leonardo drank her grace.

She was as if a sunset were
With fresher colours, clearer air,
And a more golden coil of cloud.
She was as if all citherns swooned
With one rich harmony myriad-tuned,
Haunting, enchanting, pure and proud.

*"*The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series will continue throughout the year, and, probably in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names. In the meantime, correspondence regarding the poems and their authorship is invited by the Editor.*

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And Leonardo said, "Ladye,
I know not what you do to me
Who have and have not, seek nor find.
The sea-shell and the falcon's feather,
Greece and the rock and shifting weather
Have taught me many things of mind.

"My heart has taught me many things,
And so have emperors, popes, and kings,
And so have leaves and green May-flies;
Yea, I have learned from bird and beast,
From slouching dwarf and ranting priest.
Yet, in the end, how am I wise?

"Though with dividers and a quill
I weave some miracle of will,—
Say, that men fly,—though I design
For peace or war a thousand things
Gaining applause from dukes and kings,—
Though soft and deft my colours shine,

"Though my quick wit breed thunderbolts
I may not loose on all these dolts,
Things they are babes to comprehend,—
Though from the crevice in stone or lime
I trace grave outlines mocking Time,—
I know when I am beaten, Friend!

"Say that there lived of old a saint
Even Leonardo dared not paint,
Even Leonardo dared not draw,—
Too perfect in her breathing prime
For colours to transmit to time
Or quill attempt,—aye, ev'n in awe!

"Say this, cold histories, and say
I looked not on her from this day
Lest frenzied I destroy my art.
O golden lily,—how she stands
Listening! Beauty,—ah, your hands,
Your little hands tear out my heart!

"Do you not know you are so fair,
Brighter than springtime in the air?
What says your mirror to your mind?"
"Phantom," she whispered, "Do you plead
With ghostly gestures? . . . Ah, indeed,
Pity a lady deaf and blind

"Since birth!" . . . Then Leonardo turned
Saluting, though the sunset burned

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In nimbus round her,—went his way
In daze, repeating "God's defect,
Even he!—and masterpiece elect!"
He never saw her from that day.

LAGGARD

My mind is very swift and gay;
She flutters to and fro,
She knows a thousand things to play,
A thousand roads to go;

But oh, my heart will never play—
She sits and watches still
A stone she saw them set one day
Beside a low green hill.

AT MIDNIGHT

Now at last I have come to see what life is,
Nothing is ever ended, everything only begun,
And the brave victories that seem so splendid
Are never really won.

Even love, that I built my spirit's house for,
Comes like a baffled and a brooding guest,
And art and fame and love and even laughter
Are not so good as rest.

DUO

Woman in the garden
Where the angels came;
Nothing yet of pardon,
Nothing yet of shame;
Seraphs in her honour
To the gates repair,—
O, the sun upon her!
O, the golden air!

Woman in the green ways,—
Young roots are sweet;
In and out the glean-ways,
Brown nuts at feet;
Planting, weaving, hoarding,
Saving from the wild,
Not for self or lording,
But for us—the child.

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Woman in the tower;
Moat and wall to guard,
The rare, white lady-flower
Blooming for her lord,
Whose bright sword has won her
From all knights that ride;
His to serve and honour,—
An unfading bride!

Woman 'neath the master
Of the feudal day;
For the bread he cast her
Paying life away
To him, the mighty giver,
Him, her soul and god!
A sword for who would save her,
And for her the rod!

Now by fireside singing!
Here at last is home;
Over ages winging
Again the angels come.
Holy love and human
In her worship rise.
O, the light on woman
Shed from children's eyes!

To the factories feeding
Hands and soul and will;
Herded, and unheeding
She is woman still.
Trembling home in gloom light,
Home—O mock of breath!
In her eyes the loom-blight,
In her shadow, death!

Sons must pass to battle;
Armour them with prayers;
Never conflict's rattle
Reach thy straining ears;
In the home they've made thee,
Mother, sit thee down;
With their love they'll shade thee,
With their fortune crown!

Be it or here or yonder,
Where'er thy children cry,
Far as thy fairest wander,
Far as thy dearest die,—
Be thine the heart that fareth
Past every dim frontier,
Till who the last rood dareth
Shall find a mother there!

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THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA

III. SOCIAL FORCES: ITS DESTINY

BY AMEEN RIHANI

NEVER in the history of Europe have its Great Powers made such solemn pledges, such pompous declarations about the freedom of the small nations of the world and their inalienable right to govern themselves; but when the day of liberation comes, as we hope it will, the question will be asked, and with justice, Are these nations morally and socially and politically fit for the high task of self-government? I am now concerned with one of them, who, by the force of its arms, circumstances too favouring, has recovered its freedom and achieved its independence. But will the Arabs be able to maintain this independence and profit by it? Are they capable of establishing a government worth the name? Will they be able to defend it against foreign aggression? Are they willing to adopt modern methods for the improvement of their social conditions and the development of the resources of their land? Have they the men, the money, and the means? Without partiality or prejudice, I propose to answer these questions.

I wish to say at the outset that in treating of the Arabs, I do not include the Syrians, whom I shall consider apart. The Arabs themselves, it is well to recall, are not now making their first attempt at self-government. They had, as all the world knows, a glorious past; were supreme masters once of the world's most enlightened centres, their vast empire extending from Ind to Aragon; and they gave the world a religion which is professed to-day by three hundred million souls. The reign of the first four Khalifs of Islam was noted for its righteousness and justice; the Omayiad dynasty was marked for its brilliancy; the Abbassides of Bagdad, for its culture; while the Arab Empire of Andalusia, though short-lived, reflected the brilliancy and culture and justice of them all. Arabia in those days could boast of great generals, great statesmen, great poets; and its khalifs, whether in Damascus, or Bagdad, or Cordova, encouraged literature, the sciences, and the arts, brilliant examples of which are furnished by the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid, Al-Mamoun and Al-Mo'tasam Billah. Theirs was the golden age, indeed, of a civilisation that survived, in various incarnations, their many empires. But their language and their literature have continued to flourish in their own soil. The Arabic language is one of the richest in the world—poetic, musical, flexible, capable of development; and Arabic literature is a treasure-house of the knowledge and art and culture of the Orient and the Occident.

And though they themselves were not the founders of a civilisation that has the stamp of a pure nationality, a characteristic of its own, like the English and the French of to-day, were it not for them the lights of Greece and Rome would have been extinguished forever. They kept the torch burning and passed it to Europe, in its dazzling splendour, representing the living genius of converging worlds. And yet they were not a people without initiative and invention, without a distinct national spirit. If their country was the filter, so to speak, of the civilisations of Greece and Rome and Persia—the one penetrating the Orient through Arbela, the other through Antioch, the last through Bagdad—they were the creators of a wonderful transmitting medium. Nay, more; for a people without genius and enthusiasm cannot absorb and transmit a

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message of the mind. The soldiers of France spread broadcast in Europe the seeds of the French Revolution; the soldiers of Mohammed spread broadcast in the world, with the very hand of Islam, the seeds of the civilisations of Persia and Greece and Rome. Indeed, it was faith, that vitalising and humanising force of the soul, which the Arabs contributed to the foreign culture they acquired and proclaimed. And faith is not dead in the soul of Arabia. She has little or nothing to-day, however, to vitalise and transmit to the world; but she has much to assimilate and transmit to Islam. And it remains to be seen whether her ancient faith will fit into her modern aspirations.

A recent incident, curious in its suggestiveness, is interesting to relate. The French delegation, composed of Moslems from Tunis and Morocco, that went to Mecca to congratulate the Grand Sherif upon his accession to the throne, was also the bearer of a present, a clock in the shape of a submarine, from the French Government. The spokesman of the delegation, in his address to the King, alluded to the present, a clock also, that Haroun-al-Raschid once made to Charlemagne, and expatiated on the symbolical significance of this exchange of courtesies between Arabia and France in ancient and in modern times. An exchange of civilisations rather; or to flatter the Arabs, as behooves a spokesman, on such an occasion, their own civilisation, filtered in Europe, or infiltrated, might we not say, with the bacillus of materialism, is coming back to them after many centuries. But a clock in the shape of a submarine implies force, and treacherous force to boot. Will the Arabs understand? And should they succeed in establishing a great empire and organising an army to defend their land, will they ever be able to protect their coasts? The times have changed. So have the Arabs, and so have the nations that once were conquered by Islam.

Of course, three hundred years of Turkish rule will crush the spirit of any people; on the other hand, there is always a sincerity, an earnestness, a fanaticism, both religious and political, in a people oppressed. And among the Arabs, among all Mohammedans, religious fanaticism is considered as the best safeguard of national sentiment, the most effective means of patriotic exultation, and the strongest weapon of resistance to foreign aggression. That is why the new kingdom of Arabia is based foremost on the claims and sanctions of Islam; and Islam would seem unconquerable in its faith, its customs, its traditions, considered alone as a religion, to say nothing of the moral support, for economical reasons, of course, which it will receive from France and England and Russia. For economical reasons, to be sure. For in these days no European nation or government will interest itself in any country or people unless for the purpose of exploitation. And so, the theocratic, patriarchal system of Islam, often benevolently despotic, has not changed much since the days of the first khalifs and is not likely to undergo any material transformation to-day, tolerated as it is by the three Great Powers mentioned—tolerated so long as it does not threaten their authority or interfere with their interests.

But this cannot be the attitude of the civilised world toward a people setting up a government of their own, and particularly a Moslem people whose polity is based wholly upon the Koran. For neither Europe nor America would like to see a recrudescence, for instance, of the evil-working Oriental question once it is solved and disposed of. And Arabia's superb position, situated as it is between three continents, makes it a point of dangerous contact for the vital interests of the whole world. A land of infinite possibilities, of abundant resources and extensive mineral wealth, commanding from the four points of the compass the Oriental highways of civilisation, it will always be, in one way or the other, a field of exploitation for many rival nations, a prey also to political aggression, if the Arabs do not suc-

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ceed in establishing a strong government based upon justice and reason and the broader principles of humanity.

There is a possibility, of course, and a justification of such a government; but there is no fear to-day of an Islamic empire bent on conquest, as in the past. "Islam, or tribute, or the sword!" can never more become its cry to the world. But there are questions affecting the social conditions, the moral and political status of the individual in his relation to Islam and to the world, about which we would like to be assured.

The kingdom of Arabia, I have shown, is purely Islamic; and any polity to-day, whether based upon a religion and sanctioned by it or not, must conform to the elemental principles of equity, justice and freedom that are recognised by the civilised world. Now, in Islam, the written civil law, or *sunnah,* often clashes with the natural or what is called the common law, which is expounded in the secular or civil courts and which has on its side the executive power of the government. Is there no danger, therefore, in a purely Islamic polity, of the secular courts being abolished and the religious or Koranic tribunals re-established? In these, were the tenets of the Book of Allah to be strictly observed, slavery would be sanctioned; the adulteress would be stoned; theft would be punished by cutting off the hands of the thief; the cudgel, whose virtue and efficacy even the Arabs proclaim, would descend again from heaven; a witness to a contract or in a court of justice would have to be a Moslem; and wilful murder would be compounded by the payment of a fine—a man's blood is set in the *sunnah* at a hundred camels—to the family of the deceased, who have a right, however, of avenging their dead by insisting that the criminal be delivered to them to dispose of in such a manner as they see fit.

Most of these laws, however, are in desuetude to-day; but the civilised world would like to see them formally repealed, abolished legally forever. Will the Legislative Counsel of the new Kingdom of Arabia do this? Will King Hussein encourage or sanction such reforms? We learn that he has begun his constructive work by establishing public schools, encouraging journalism, appointing competent and able Syrians to high offices in the government, and signing a treaty of alliance on board of a French cruiser with France. This is promising, indeed. And the Moslem, Arab or otherwise, is not made of inferior clay. He can appreciate the blessings of self-government if they are not forced upon him with a sword, and he can also abuse them if they are showered upon him with a free hand. But is his sense of right and justice as highly developed as that of a European? I quote, as an answer to this question, a learned sheikh's definition of a Moslem, which is equally true in theory of a Christian and oft-times in practice equally false: "A Moslem," says the sheikh, "is one who inflicts no injury with either tongue or hand upon anyone; who neither slanders nor abuses anyone; who helps his neighbour, whoever he may be; who succours the orphan, the weak and the oppressed; who is truthful in word and deed; who is loyal to his friends, true to his promise and honest in his measure." No higher principles of human conduct could be found in any ethical system or any religion.

Apart from this, however, and as showing the scope and limitations of a Moslem's mind, it is necessary to inquire how far will the Koran, which is the basis and support of the new government, encourage the pursuit of scientific knowledge. Let me give a few examples of how this book is regarded even by the most advanced of their thinkers and scholars. All human knowledge they claim can be found in the Koran; and they can find a few Orientalists, particularly Germans, to titillate in this their humour. One of these, a physician, pointed to certain passages in the Koran as foreshadowing the discoveries of Pasteur and Faraday and Kough, which led the ultra-zealous Moslems to declare that if the great astronomers also will

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take the trouble to study the book they will find therein much to surprise and enlighten them. And see how the truths of science change, they argue further. First it was said that the sun revolved around the earth; then that the earth revolved around the sun, and now science teaches that every astral body revolves in the heavens. Hear the Koran: And they swing each in its own orbit. All this may be true, and may have but little bearing upon the free and earnest pursuit of knowledge. But will the civilised nations nowadays depend upon the Koran, for example, for a formula against the plague? While the cholera was spreading recently in the Ottoman Empire and devastating human life, Sheikh ul-Islam issued to the Faithful an order to say an extra prayer above the prescribed five and to read in the Koran the Chapter Al-Ahkaf! But if Islam could assimilate the civilisations of Greece and Rome and be the bearer of their torch to Europe, there is no reason why it cannot assimilate to-day the more wholesome features of European civilisation and be the bearer of its torch to the Orient.

And the fact that such a movement as Wahabism was possible in Arabia, is a proof of the aptitude of the Arab spirit, its liberal aspirations, and the elastic quality of its religious fibre. Had it achieved a complete success, Wahabism would have corresponded to the Reformation in Europe. The Wahabis, however, not only wanted to emancipate themselves from the shams and ceremonialisms and elaborate superstitions of Islam, but they also sought to free themselves from the tyranny of Turkish rule. And thus their political policy worked against their religious programme. Still, it must be admitted that Wahabism, as a liberal factor in the reformation of Islam, is not dead. Many advanced thinkers among the Mohammedans to-day advocate the essential features of its simple faith without its fanatical straightness and its ascetic, puritanic traditions. And these advanced thinkers themselves often have to have recourse to the Koran to justify or to support their views on many a social and political question. In order to encourage the rich Mohammedans to send their sons to study in Europe one of them once wrote an article to prove that to travel in the world is not contrary to the tenets of Islam. Such means are often used to instil in the minds of the ultra-zealous the spirit of enlightenment and progress. In their own way, therefore, the Arabs must be left to solve for themselves their own religious problem. And I am firm in my belief that they are capable of so doing.

But what about the economic and social problems? No nation nowadays that is not progressive in its aims, scientific in its methods, liberal and farseeing in its laws, can ever hope to maintain its freedom and integrity, its solvency and pride. Arabia, supposing its solidarity as an empire is assured, will find itself to-morrow face to face with such weighty problems as that of the development of its natural resources, for instance, and the regulation of its commerce with the outside world. And herein lies the danger of foreign aggression. The brilliant prospects of its exploitation imply also the probability of a certain amount of foreign control. And this seems reasonable in view of the fact that if the Arabs cannot develop their own resources, some other people, judging from present tendencies, are going to step in and do it for them. The land shall not lay fallow forever; the riches of the earth shall not remain forever buried.

Four hundred years of Turkish rule have made a howling desert of the richest country in the world. Take, for instance, Mesopotamia. Barely one-tenth of the land there is cultivated to-day and only in the most primitive manner; the soil is scratched with the ancient plough, the seeds are sown among noxious weeds. And yet a grain of wheat yields from four to five hundred grains. This same country was the seat of mighty empires in the past, had a population of fifty million souls and yielded for their support in abundance. Now it has but two

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millions and it is one of the most poverty-stricken velayets in the Ottoman Empire. Not only have the Turks not done anything to improve its agricultural and economic conditions, but they abandoned the country to a frightful rule of anarchy and rapine and extortion. The pashas bleeded the peasantry and the landowners alike, imposing upon them a dozen forms of taxation and persistently stifled in them any effort to grow or any hope of development. Revenues were often assessed at half the produce of the land; and many landowners were made to pay the arrears of revenues contracted by their predecessors, or sent as prisoners to Constantinople. And thus the cultivation of the land was further discouraged by a strangling system of taxation and extortion.

Indeed, after four hundred years of Turkish régime, the old Babylonian kingdom has become a pitiful spectacle of desolation: a land covered with ruins, a howling waste, the haunt of venomous reptiles, the breeder of contagious diseases. For the rain and flood waters, flowing in broken canals and ancient reservoirs, form stagnant ponds, which in the summer become pestilential marshes and miasmatic swamps. One can understand why the richest valley in the world, richer even than the valley of the Nile, has been depopulated. Whoever shall be its future master will be confronted with a most gigantic task of engineering equal to that which the English accomplished in Egypt. Now will the Arabs be able to reclaim this land and develop its agricultural and its mineral wealth? Will they, in other words, be capable of rebuilding what the Turks have destroyed? It is doubtful, unless they can obtain the aid of European experts and European capital; and this can be done without endangering the nation's independence and integrity, if the King of Arabia chooses his statesmen and advisors, not from the effete nobility of Hijaz, nor from the *ulema* class, nor from the chiefs of the tribes, but from the ranks of talent and ability. And these, it must be said, he can only find in Syria and Egypt, or at best among the Syrians. That King Hussein is well aware of this, and is desirous of surrounding himself with men of executive genius, is apparent from the fact that he has already chosen a Syrian, a Moslem, of course, to be Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In a previous article I said that Syria is the cradle of the Arab Revolution. True, the Arabs have achieved it by force of arms, but its greatest protagonists and its martyrs are the Syrian intellectuals, Moslems and Christians, most of whom were executed in Beirut and Damascus last year. But Syrian leaders, among them army officers, who escaped from Syria and went to Hijaz, have also fought with the Arabs against the Turks. It was they, I learn, who had planned to start the revolution in Irak; but it was thought wiser afterward to launch the first attack in Hijaz because of its geographical and religious position. Its remoteness from the Turkish base of operation and the fact that it is the Kaaba of all Islam, gave the revolutionists a great advantage over their adversaries. Yes, the Syrians were everywhere active and instrumental in the success of the movement. It was a Syrian Moslem who presided at the Arab Congress in Paris; it was a Syrian Muslem who went to India in 1909 to stir up the Mohammedans there and bespeak their support; it was a Syrian Christian who, in 1905, first published a book in French on the Awakening of Arabia; and the centre of the movement in Egypt was vitalised, electrified by the Syrian mind.

And this political and intellectual activity on the part of the Syrians is the natural outcome of the educational movement which for the last sixty years has been fostered by foreign and native institutions, foremost of which among the former are the American College and the Jesuit University in Beirut. In the first the Syrian youth imbibed the American spirit of freedom; in the second he obtained the key to its literary treasures in French. And whatever we may say

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of secular education, the religious guise it assumes in the first stages of a country's development seems to be necessary. One cannot fail to observe, for instance, that the popular educational system of Europe and America is wholly materialistic: it has but one ideal, that of success—success in the world at any cost. It has little or nothing in it of the spiritualities of life, and its tendency is to destroy the higher aspirations of the mind. Not so with these clerical institutions whatever their vices may be. And they are many, to be sure.

As many, too, are the various nationalities in Syria and Palestine. The French, the Americans, the English, the Russians, and recently the Germans and the Italians, have all contributed to the enlightenment of the mind of Syria, it must be admitted, as well as to the decomposition of her national spirit. That is why the Syrians have in the past been so divided in their political affiliations. The Maronites were French in spirit; the Orthodox, Russians; the Druses, English; the Protestants, Americans; and recently, as I said, the German Catholics of Cologne and the Italians have made a bid for a share of the nation's sectarian units. Their schools seem to have been established with the purpose of rivalling the French and the English: indeed, they were more anti-French than anti-Turkish or pro-Syrian.

The Moslems of the country, however, have remained Moslems; and now the Christians are becoming again Syrians. In their unprecedented calamity they found themselves alone, abandoned by their self-styled protectors. Europe has been deaf to their cries, and only America, and their brethren in America, hastened to their relief.*

But to revert to our subject. Some of the educational and benevolent institutions in Syria are said to be subsidised by their respective governments; others are said to be supported by private charities; but neither the one nor the other seems necessary. For in a short time after their establishment they become self-supporting, such is the avidity of the Syrian mind for knowledge, such the desire of Syria for education. The Jesuits, for instance, first entered Syria with little or nothing to set up even a hedge-school; but their university and their property, which were seized by the Turks, are the largest of any foreign institution in the country. I have been told that they filed a claim with their government against the Turks for twenty-five million francs! And their great success is not due, as some suppose, to France's foreign policy, which is based on Gambetta's saying, "Anti-clericalism is not an article of exportation"—that is, to France's support and protection; but mostly to native support, moral and financial, and to their own commercial genius.

Yes, I wish to record here the fact that most of the foreign schools and benevolent institutions in Syria have been supported and maintained, at least for twenty years past, by the Syrians themselves. But educated Syrians could hardly find a field for their talents at home. They, as well as the peasants of the Lebanon hills, were driven out of their country to distant lands—to North and South America, to Egypt, to Africa —by the tyranny of the Turks. And wherever they settled their intelligence and activity have been quite marked. In Egypt they are the leaders of public opinion; in Africa they are noted for their industry; in America they have made considerable fortunes in commerce. Lord Cromer, in his book on Egypt, says that the best collaborators of the English there have been the Syrians. They are indeed a shrewd and active and ambitious people; their dormant spirit, when evoked and given a chance, awakens with renewed energy and hope. And their leading minds are not, as is

*The Syrians in the United States have sent over a million dollars, through the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, to their suffering people, and the Syrian-Mt. Lebanon Relief Committee, co-operating with the American Committee for Syrian and Armenian Relief, has sent a ship-load of provisions to Beirut.

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supposed, given up wholly to idle speculations and poetic dreamings; they can be as practical and material as the Americans, and their aptitude in the mechanical and technical sciences is noteworthy. There are civil and agricultural engineers among them that can be trusted with the most important tasks. That is why I say that the King of Arabia must seek among them for competent advisors and experts in building his empire, in reconstructing what the Turks have destroyed.

And what is little known to the world is that most of the educated Syrians, the intellectuals, the scientists, and the poets, are born in Mt. Lebanon. In the shadow of the ancient cedars is the cradle of Syrian genius. And the people of these mountains, barely a million souls, have always constituted in themselves a separate nation—a state within a state. From their strongholds and fastnesses, rising from the valley of the Orontes and looking upon the Mediterranean, they have always, like the Arabs of the desert, defied all the conquerors of Syria—the Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Arabs themselves, and the Turks. A proud, brave, and liberty-loving people, they lived up to 1845 in absolute independence under the rule of their emirs and patriarchs. But at this epoch, because they supported Ibrahim Pasha in his Syrian expedition, the Turks tried to reduce them to submission; and true to its policy of "divide-and-rule," the High Porte succeeded in embroiling them with their neighbours, the Druses. The strife that ensued lasted till 1860 and culminated in the massacres of the Christians and the intervention of France. Mt. Lebanon was then constituted an autonomous province under the protection of six European Powers.

But the Turks are to-day wreaking their vengeance upon the Lebanonese. The Protocol of the Powers has been annulled; Mt. Lebanon has been declared a province of the empire; its able-bodied men have been drafted for the army; many of its leaders and their families have been exiled to Anatolia; and those that are left behind, the aged and the women and children, are being deliberately starved out. Well may we ask, Where is France now to protect these loyal friends of France, this human heritage of St. Louis?

It is idle to speculate at the present time on the future political destiny of Syria and Mt. Lebanon. If the Mohammedans of the country are looking toward Mecca more so than ever to-day, the Christians, it is certain, are no longer looking toward Europe. But still under the mercy of the Turk, who is bent upon their extermination, they have no voice but that of hunger and no desire but that of salvation. If any of them should survive the sanguinary rule of Djemal Pasha and were asked whether they would like to be ruled by a European Power or by the King of Arabia, their answer would no doubt be that of the half million of their brethren in America and Egypt: Neither the Arabs nor the Europeans give us a government that is exclusively Syrian and exclusively Christian.

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SONORA NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

BY CLAIR KENAMORE

I

We kindled a fire on the iron plate, as Miz' Arivaldo requested, and arranged the stove improvised from an oil can so as to permit at least part of the smoke to escape through the hole in the wall of the car. The hole originally had been the slot through which the Mexicans living along the line had dropped letters. That was when the car was in the postal service and plied between Nogales and Guaymas. In some forgotten fight near the beginning of the revolution, a patriot had shot a bight out of the lower part of the slot and transformed it into a porthole suitable for rifle fire.

When the powerful Yaqui chieftain, Arivaldo, had brought an army of four hundred Indians down from the Bacatete mountains and dedicated them to the cause of the revolution, he had been made a general, and the new railway post-office, not a year out of the shops at St. Louis, had been presented to him for his private car.

The general's visible clothing were moccasins, a blanket and a Stetson hat. He had no sword, and he had not the faintest idea of what he would do with the car, but an inspection convinced him that it would be impracticable to take it up into the Bacatete mountains. He saw that it would make a good substitute for the cave in which he usually lived, and sent one of his men back to the edge of town (this happened in Hermosillo) to tell his squaw to come forward at once. That lady, in conformance with her invariable custom, did as she was bid. She was a squat person of fifty years, who carried an immense pack on her back supported by a strap around her brow. She led a well-laden burro and she was followed by two dogs. Arriving at the car, she was acquainted by her lord with the new honours which had fallen to the family, and was instructed to begin the occupancy of the new tepee at once.

Being encumbered by but one skirt, and unfettered by stays, she had little difficulty in boosting her packs into the car and climbing into the side door after them. Once there, in the manner of the female of the species in any new apartment, she set about making it habitable. One end she made into sleeping quarters, by decree. The other end became her kitchen, dining-room, boudoir, and salon. In the mysterious upstanding cylinder of iron with the pipe which led out of the roof, she found only ashes. It had a strong door, so she made it a depository for all foods in storage, being convinced the dogs would be unable to gnaw through the iron. The case of wooden pigeon-holes on the wall provided admirable receptacles for chili peppers, tobacco, cigarette papers, spare buckskin thongs, and the innumerable other oddments women carry about with them. Under the steel frame intended to support open mail bags, she supsended a row of pots and kettles. Above were the general's saddle and saddle-blankets.

The iron plate in the floor of the car was so placed, of course, that a fire might be built upon it. The smoke-hole was too small, according to the ideas of the new proprietor, so she chopped it out with an axe to suit her fancy. The axe she obtained from a case over the door. With the axe were a crowbar and a folding canvas bucket, ingeniously contrived, and suitable for carrying water. She broke the glass and removed all the articles. A sign said "For use in case of fire only," but she could not read.

Eighteen months had elapsed between the time when she entered on her king-

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dom and the cold, snowy day in Nogales when she promised to make some dulse if we would build a fire. In those eighteen months the general had followed the wars and she had followed the general. She had lost the burro, through forgetting to take it aboard one night when the train was moved. Otherwise, she found her home life nearly ideal. When I met her, she spoke a wonderful language composed of equal parts of English, Spanish, and Yaqui, and she dearly loved to talk. In the three guests who now shared her hospitality and her warm, flat smiles, she had devoted listeners. Except in times of absolute famine, she rewarded a polite listener with food, as tea pourers do everywhere. Present were, firstly, Harry, an American, antecedents unknown, who was the general's chauffeur, for that warrior had been so fortunate as to commandeer a big, thunderous automobile, property of a citizen who did not favour the revolution; secondly, José Maria de Salazar y Ruiz, machine-gun operator, at present incapacitated by a wound which was almost healed; thirdly, myself, who had supplied the machine gun.

We made a division of labour. I built the fire, being gifted; José assisted Miz' Arivaldo, and Harry rustled fuel. Through the smoke hole I watched him pulling the few remaining pickets from what was once the ornate fence around a residence.

It was very pleasant within the car when the fire was going. The general was in Cananea in charge of the garrison, with no date set for return. Through the smoke hole I could see the snowstorm sweeping down Nogales canyon, and in the open carriages with the little jingly bells the drivers were well muffled of head and neck.

The confection on which Miz' Arivaldo was engaged promised to be something like doughnuts, Spanish style. She manipulated each one and produced a piece of dough the size of a broomhandle and a foot in length. This she shaped into an "S" and immersed it in a can of fat which simmered on the well-made and well-kept fire. Each action, however, was performed only in due and proper time. Before the dough was mixed we gathered on the floor about the fire, and the good lady began to talk as she worked, and to the end of the last doughnut no voice but hers was heard.

II

"Near where the Yaqui River runs into the sea there once lived Juan Ramon, a rich man who employed twelve peons to till his fields," she began. Any attempt to give her own wonderful language is quite hopeless. This is a true translation.

"He had a daughter, Dolores, who was very beautiful, and she was sought by all the young men between the Yaqui and the Mayo. Now, this daughter possessed a vest which had been given to her by a woman who lived in the Bacatete mountains. It was made of deer skin, tanned very soft, and it was covered with beads, and each of the buttons was a nugget of gold. One day, as she was riding through the fields, the sun grew hot and she took off this garment and tied it behind her saddle, but the knot was insecure and the beautiful vest fell to the ground. She went on to her home, and only there did she learn that she had lost it. Before she could return and search for it, the twelve men employed by her father had passed through the field along the road she had travelled, on their way home, and when search was made the vest could not be found. Juan Ramon was sure that one of the men had found it, but he did not know which one. He pondered long and finally hit upon a plan of action, for he was determined to recover the vest without paying a ransom. The next day, when evening had come, he called all the men to him and set upon the ground before them twelve little earthen jugs.

"'My daughter has lost her vest, which she greatly prizes,' Juan Ramon said, 'and one of you has found it, but I do not know which one. So I have

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bought twelve magic beans, and they will tell me. Each one of these jugs contains a certain number of garbanza beans and one magic bean, all just alike to the eye. Now, the magic of these beans is this, that when one of them has been carried a kilometer by a guilty man it will melt into the air. Each man must take a jug and keep it over night. It will do no harm to any but the man who has my daughter's vest. Do not pour out the garbanza beans, do not count them, and do not lose any of them. Bring them back here to me to-morrow at noon.' "

III

Miz' Arivaldo at this point in her narrative drew the doughnut from the can, hung it on the mail-bag frame, and dropped the one she was manipulating ceremoniously into the fat.

"As the men walked homeward, each carrying his little earthen jug, Carlos Esmerelda said to his friend, Enrique Iturbide:

" 'Our master is a shrewd and clever man, but there is a man in Culiacan for whom I worked for many years who is cleverer than he. This man had a great stone granary, and after two or three years of traffic, which did not bring him the profit he believed to be due him, he became convinced that some one was stealing grain. He examined the building with great care, but could find no way by which a thief might enter, so he went to the alcalde and said:

" ' "Some one is taking grain from my warehouse, but I cannot learn who it is, or even by what method he makes way with my property."

" 'The alcalde went with the grain dealer to the granary and they walked round and round the building but could see no outlet through which grain could be stolen. So they entered the granary, but could find no leak within. They sat upon some sacks of corn, and the alcalde said:

" ' "There was one man who could have told us of the foundations and construction of this building, but, unfortunately, he died yesterday and will be buried to-morrow. That was Manuel Soto, who even now lies in his house with candles burning at his head and feet. He spoke to me once of this granary and said:

" ' " 'It was built for me by the first overseer I ever hired. He was a good and honest man, and I am sorry that he left my employ.'

" ' "But Manuel Soto did not tell me his name. If this overseer could be found he could tell us whether there is some passage about the building whereby a thief could enter at night."

" ' "I also knew Manuel Soto," the grain dealer replied, "and he was a fair man and kind hearted. I have a plan to find this builder of the granary."

" 'So he went to the house of Manuel Soto and stood by the door. Many persons came to look upon the body, and the grain dealer greeted each one as he entered, saying:

" ' "You, too, have come to weep at the bier of my master. Truly he was a good man, and I was the first overseer he ever hired."

" 'Among those who came was a man wearing a hat of Sonora, and when the grain dealer had said the words to him, the Sonoran took him aside and asked:

" ' "Why do you say that you are the first overseer ever employed by Don Manuel?"

" ' "It is to carry out a plan to discover a certain person whom I am very anxious to find," the grain dealer replied.

" 'The Sonoran considered this and stood for a time in deep thought.' "

IV

Miz' Arivaldo, who had been carefully fashioning another "S," now drew from the can the doughnut which had been simmering, and hung it over the tail of the first. She dropped the third one in the bubbling fat, and continued:

" 'Then the Sonoran looked at the grain dealer and said:

" ' "It happened that I was once in the City of Mexico upon the fourth of

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November. I stood in the sun by a high wall, when there came to me an old man who asked if there was nearby a church in which a sinner might rest and pray. I was struck by the look of sorrow on the old man's face, and engaged him in conversation. I took him to a small *fonda* nearby, and after he had taken tortillas and coffee he said to me:

" ' " 'I live ten kilometers from Vera Cruz, alone, for I have long been widowed. Ten years ago my only daughter left my house when I reproached her for refusing the attentions of a young man who was the son of our neighbour, only to accept those of Arnulfo Gomez, who had been a ne'er-do-well from his boyhood, and who spent more time on the pavements of Vera Cruz than in his father's fields. She told me that she would marry whomever she chose, and I cursed her and cast her forth. I learned that she married Arnulfo Gomez, and I know that he was killed three years ago in battle, and now she has married some one else, and I do not know his name. Evil days have fallen upon me, since I can raise neither tobacco nor coffee without labourers, and I fear that I am near the end of my days. I have hoped for a long time to have word from my daughter, that I might go to her and beg her forgiveness, and to raise the curse I pronounced on her when she left my house. Two weeks ago there came down the highway Pedro Calles, who was a shoe mender in our village, but now is a colonel with many men behind him. He rode into the field where I worked and said:

" ' " ' "Señor, I saw your daughter Carlotta in Mexico City."

" ' " 'I gave thanks to the saints, and asked if she had sent me a message. But he had not spoken to her.

" ' " ' "As we rode through the city to take train for Vera Cruz, I saw her seated upon a balcony," he said. "I lifted my sombrero to her and she threw me a rose. I could not stop, for my column was behind me. But I marked the number of the house and the name of the street, and you can find her there."

" ' " 'He gave me a piece of paper with the name of the street and the number written upon it. I sold my mule and what corn remained to get money to come here. This morning when I alighted from the train, I discovered that the paper bearing the writing had slipped from my pocket and was lost. Oh, wretch of misfortune that I am, how can I ever in all this great city find that one person, my only daughter? And I cannot wait long. This high land does not please my old lungs, and I have no money wherewith to stay here long or to hire searchers.'

" ' " 'Was your daughter, Carlotta, a devout person like yourself?' I asked him.

" ' " 'In truth she was,' the old man replied, 'and I know she must feel my curse heavy upon her.'

" ' " 'A plan has come into my head,' I said, 'whereby I believe I can lead you to your daughter within an hour. Rely on the saints and come with me.' " ' "

V

Miz' Arivaldo elaborately drew the third doughnut from the can and hung it on the second one.

" ' "As we walked down the street, the old man said:

" ' " 'It is a good thing to be kind to strangers, young man of Sonora. When I was a young man, I voyaged to the Island of Tiburon on a trading schooner. The captain had become angry at me, and he put me ashore there among the Seri Indians, who, as every one knows, are cannibals. The Indians made me a servant of the chief, who, although he was the greatest among them, was very poor. He had a daughter whose name was Lo Sa, and she was in love with a very poor young man named Go Mar. The girl loved to sing, but she did not sing well, and her father and every one of the tribe would bid her cease when she sang, all save Go Mar. He declared she had the divinest voice in the world. Because I had been in many states and had

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learned many small things, they thought me very wise, and when Go Mar went to the chief and demanded his daughter, the chief asked me what he should do.

"'''''I do not desire that she marry a man with not even a rifle wherewith to shoot a deer," he said, "and as there is no reason why they should marry, I am able to forbid it."

"'''''If there were reason, would you be forced to give Lo Sa to Go Mar?" I asked.

"'''''It is the law of the tribe," the chief said. "If there is good reason, they must marry."

"''''Now both Lo Sa and Go Mar had been kind to me. They had given me the skins to make what poor clothing I had, and had often supplied me with food, so I desired to help them in their desire for each other. So I devised a way. That night at the council fire, I said to the chief:

"'''''Lo Sa delights to sing, and her voice is a painful thing to all but Go Mar. He finds great joy in her songs and therefore he should have her. Thus can you give him his heart's desire, and thus you will save the rest of the tribe from the pain of her voice."

"''''The other men in the council said I had spoken wisdom, and that it must be so. The chief was vexed but he must obey. So he said that when they had brought him four ounces of gold, they could be married. They were very glad, but they had no gold, and it was decided that both should leave the Island of Tiburon and work until each had two ounces of gold, and then return to their tribe. The chief's big canoe took them to the mainland, and Lo Sa went to La Paz, where she worked with the pearl fishers, for she could swim and dive better than any man, and Go Mar went to Nacozari, where he worked in the mines. In two months, Lo Sa returned. She had two big American coins, each of which weighed an ounce, and two small coins besides, but she was very unhappy. A month later, Go Mar returned and Lo Sa ran to him and embraced him tenderly. Then she said to him in a very low voice:

"'''''Go Mar, I have a great sorrow. While I worked beneath the water at La Paz, an ailment took seat in my throat, and now I cannot sing at all. See, I cannot lift one of the notes which once ravished your heart."

"'''''Lo Sa, your face is very beautiful and very sad," Go Mar replied, "but I cannot hear a word you say, for you speak too softly. While I worked beneath the ground at Nacozari, a blast went off very near me, and my ears are numbed. Only when one speaks very loud and clear can I discover the words."

"''''We all gathered about them, and the chief was greatly pleased.

"'''''It is well," he said in such a loud voice that all could hear. "Now that my daughter can sing no more, the reason for giving her to Go Mar is passed, and I shall dispose of her as I please."'''''

Miz' Arivaldo drew the last doughnut from the can and hung it on the line. She took the can from the fire, seated herself again comfortably, and resumed.

"''''Then I stepped to the centre of the council and said, "Chief it is not so. For if a man has good ears, he should have a wife to talk to him; and if a woman has a voice, she should have a man to listen to her. Lo Sa and Go Mar must marry, because she has no voice wherewith to sing, and he no ears wherewith to listen. They are mated even to their faults."

"''''All the councillors agreed that there was wisdom in my words, and the lovers were married. So grateful were they that one night they seized the chief's big canoe and took me to the mainland, where they bade me farewell with many tears. So I returned to my people.'''''

VI

Miz' Arivaldo ceremoniously removed the last doughnut from the pendent line and gave it to me. I ate.

"'''We had come to the end of the street whereupon is the Church of San

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Carlos," the Sonoran continued, "and I said to the old man:

" ' " 'This is the fourth of November, San Carlos's day, and this is his church, If your daughter has not forgotten her religion, she must be worshipping here, for surely you named the girl for the saint on whose day she was born. It is, then, her birthday. We will wait here as the people pass out and see if she is among them.'

" ' "When the throng came forth, the old man scanned all faces, and soon with a great shout he ran toward a richly dressed lady, and clasped her to his breast. They gave me many thanks for bringing them together, and drove away in her carriage." ' "

The terminal doughnut was handed to Harry, upon whose clouded face the light was beginning to break. Miz' Arivaldo crossed her hands in her voluminous lap and proceeded.

" ' "Your plan was a good one," said the Sonoran to the grain dealer, "if you seek the first overseer that Manual Soto hired, for naturally he would call you to account when he heard you claim to be that man. Now I am the first overseer employed by Manual Soto. What service can I do you?"

" 'The grain dealer told of the loss from his granary, and the Sonoran, who had built the granary, took him to the place and showed him how a hinged block of stone had been put in the basement wall to let out water if the building were ever flooded.

" ' "Doubtless some worthless rogue has learned of the outlet, and comes at night to swing the block of stone and enter. You must remove this hinged stone and set a solid piece here in good mortar, and the thefts will cease." ' "

Jose Maria de Salazar y Ruiz received a doughnut in his unwounded hand, leaving but one upon the rack. Miz' Arivaldo continued her tale.

" 'So,' Carlos Esmerelda said, 'he was wiser, I think, than our master.'

"On the following day, when the labourers appeared with their jugs of garbanza beans, Juan Ramon took the jug from each man as he came, poured out the beans and counted them.

"Now he had put just six beans in each jug the night before and none was a magic bean, for there are no such things outside of the Bacatete mountains. Each one of the jugs returned had six beans in it, until Enrique Iturbide came. His jug held seven beans.

" 'Rogue, you have my daughter's vest hidden in your house,' Juan Ramon cried. 'For see, you knew that you were guilty and you have put another garbanza bean in the jug to take the place of the magic bean which you thought would disappear. Now will you bring back the vest without ransom?'

"And Enrique Iturbide did so."

Whereupon Miz' Arivaldo triumphantly ate the last doughnut.

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THE WOMEN POETS OF INDIA

III. MANKUMARI DEVI

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

WHO is competent to claim that the perfume of the rose is better than that of the lily-of-the-valley? Some like the rose better, and there are others who like the lily better. And again, the same person in one mood may like the rose better, and in another mood the lily. So it would seem futile for some one to claim that the rose is better than the lily-of-the-valley.

Such is the case with two poets of equal merit. Who can claim that Shelley is greater than Keats or Keats greater than Shelley?

In my article on Kamini Roy in the January number of THE BOOKMAN I said, "Of all the women poets of India, perhaps Kamini Roy is the greatest." I shall be equally right if I say here, Of all the women poets of India, perhaps Mankumari is the greatest. It is hard to give a decision; it is hard to be exact in the case of two poets like Kamini Roy and Mankumari.

The difference between Kamini Roy and Mankumari is exactly like the difference between the rose and the lily-of-the-valley. The rose is reared in care and raised to perfection, while the lily-of-the-valley blossoms spontaneously with the genuineness of natural beauty and fragrance. Kamini Roy is academic and her style is polished, whereas Mankumari is unconscious of herself. The poems come to her as she puts them down. She writes her poems as a bird weaves its nest, or as the birds sing in the spring. She really sings like a bird, and sings out of the fulness of her inner emotions that are at once rich and pure. Her poems are so delicate and simple that they do not bear translation. There are many every-day phrases and idioms that make a marked impression on the original, but lose their character and charm in translation. Unlike most of the poets, Mankumari's poems are universally good. Open her books of poems anywhere and you will always find her things charming. I would not dare say the same thing of Tagore or Browning.

Mankumari was born at Sagardari in the District of Jessore. Her father was the brother of the celebrated poet, Madhusudan Dutt, who is considered by many as the greatest of all Bengali poets, Tagore not excepted. Madhusudan Dutt introduced blank verse into Bengali literature and is the author of the classic *Meghnadbadh Kabya*. Mankumari's father was the manager of their little family estate. Her mother was an excellent housekeeper and an ideal mother. She never forgot to instil into the minds of her children lofty moral ideals. At six Mankumari was sent to the village *pathsala* (primary school) for education. From her early childhood she showed partiality to Bengali literature. Mathematics she hated from the very bottom of her heart. The village teacher was highly impressed with the literary taste and efficiency of the little girl "Manu," as she was called at home. At ten she read a great many of the books of Bengali literature, and her critical ability was an object of surprise to her teachers and guardians. Her uncle predicted great things of the little girl, and his predictions have come true. Housekeeping and literature were the two hobbies of the child. She learned to cook well. And still she cooks most delicious dishes.

From her early childhood Mankumari was of a thoughtful nature. Quite often she would go to the *ghat* to fetch water, and there stand intently watching the

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running river, and she would forget everything about water and pitcher until some one from home would come and wake her up from the dream. At other times at midnight she would steal away from her bed and sit under a blossoming tree and talk with the stars and smile at the moon. At times she used to be hysterical with the ecstasy of joy at a moonlit night. Soon her neighbours began to call her "the mad girl." Yes, she was mad, indeed; mad with the poetic impulse which soon began to express itself in verse.

Mankumari was married early, and as is the wont in orthodox Hindu families, the romance began after marriage. The young couple were perfectly happy in each other's company. During this period of unalloyed happiness Mankumari wrote quite a few idealistic love poems to her husband, even though they lived in the same house. It is reported that her husband, too, wrote a few love lyrics, but the burden of poesy was too much for him, so he soon gave up writing poems. From that time on he enjoyed the poems of his wife all the more. These love poems of Mankumari cannot be had for publication. No amount of money can induce her to sell for publication one poem of this period. She once said: "I wrote those poems to my dear departed husband. Those are personal poems. They are too sacred to me to give to the public. When after death I shall meet him in the next world I shall recite those poems to him for our own happiness."

Within a few years after their marriage Mankumari's husband passed away into the cosmic silence, leaving her with their only daughter, Pryabala by name, and thus the poetess sang of "Silence":

In silence I came,
And in silence
I shall go away.
Whatever you have to give me, beloved,
Give, yes, give in silence.

The river shall flow in silence
And in silence breathe the west wind,
And in silence
You will have to play with me
In the house of play.

The moon will play hide-and-seek
From behind the dark clouds,
And laugh in silence;
And my morning sun
Will also peep in silence.

The clouds of the rainy season
Would pour forth their soothing showers
In silence,
And in silence
My lute would play
The tune of *Khambaj*.

In silence my hopes would blossom,
And in silence would wither
The blossoms of my wishes,
And in silence my muse would sing
The song of my soul.

The evening stars
Would keep looking at me
In silence,
And in silence we shall greet
Each other.

The spring and the autumn
Will come beside me in silence,
And he who loves me
Must speak in silence.

Everything in my life
Should be done in silence.
And when Death comes to greet me,
"Silence" should solemnise
The ceremony of the occasion.

And in silence
My departed beloved
Would appear before me,
And in silence, in absolute silence,
I shall hand over my life to him.

In silence I shall close my eyes
As I look at the smile on his lips.
I was born in silence,
So I love silence so much.

After the death of her husband Mankumari's entire life, love and activities

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were centred around her little daughter. In her was reflected the universe and its Creator; in her rested her joys, sorrows, and consolations of life. Listen how Mankumari addressed Pryabala on her birthday:

Come, Pryabala, the queen of my heart,
Come to me, lift your pretty face,
And speak in your sweet voice.
Whenever I look at your face
And whenever I see you smile
I am simply beside myself
With joy, and my soul
Seems to float away
To a distant land.

Your face is bathed
With the rays of the same light
That lights the face of the moon
Against the blue sky—
The light that plays amidst
Lilies, jasmines and roses—
The light that makes the young sun
Beam with smile, and imparts
A halo to the dawn;
Yes, it is the same light that
Clothes this world in a crimson attire.

My eyes are tired looking at you,
And yet, I cannot help looking at you.
My heart trembles with ecstasy
To look at you,
And my soul seeks to run away
From me, as a mad man
Runs away from home.

That's why, darling Pryabala,
I press you so closely to my heart.
In your face and in your heart
I find heavenly love;
Your speech and your songs
Are the language of heaven.
And you yourself are a blossom
From heaven.

Men become immortal
With the perfume of your body,
And the entire world ripples
With love at your sight.
All quarrellings cease
And the entire human race
Forget their differences,
And become one in love.
And beside all these
There is something else
Mingled in your face. . . .
Your face reminds me

* * * * *

Let that rather remain unsaid—
Then the entire universe
Becomes imminent with God.
Then my words speak
Of the Vedas and the Vedanta.
Then I learn to realise
That there is a heaven and a God
And I distinctly realise
The immortality of the soul.
All the messages of the Vedas,
The Bible and the Koran
Are written for me on your face,
And I have learnt
My lessons of humanity
And universality from you.

Mountainous waves of joy
Roll on in my parched soul for you,
And myriads of flowers blow in beauty
In the sahara of my heart.
At my departure from this world
I shall leave my life with you.
I shall get, if you get,
What I leave behind.
The day you were born
Was a day of great joy for us,
So we named you Pryabala
(daughter of joy).

To-day, Pryabala,
I am poor and unlucky
And I have nothing to give you.
So please accept this
As your birthday present.

In the face of her daughter, in the flowering of the fields, in the flow of the river, in the solitude of her room, Mankumari always sees the face of her departed husband. He is ever present in her mind, and this feeling is best represented in her poem "Forget Me Not," which reads thus in translation:

Enchanting daughter of nature
Has decorated Spring in a picturesque attire

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And is presenting her to his beloved earth.
The full-blown blossoms
Embrace each other in affection
As they smile in joy.
Sensing the approach
Of the evening,
The sun with a sense of
Peculiar bashfulness
Hides itself behind the western horizon;
In such a sweet moment
I heard the sweet words—
"Beloved, forget me not."

The night was enveloped in deep darkness.
I put out the light in my room
And went to bed.
And I was half conscious
With the languor of sleep,
A bee was singing merrily
In a garland of *bakul* flowers
Lying on my bed.
And there on the river Kapotakshi
Jhap, Jhap ran the boats down the stream,
And the boatsmen
Thrilled the people on the shores
With their fervid songs.
In the soothing languor of my sleep
And in the throbbing pulsation
Of the sweet music
I heard the still sweeter note—
"Beloved, forget me not."

The night was warm
In early summer,
I was worshipping
The zephyr through the open window.
The moonbeams stole their way
Through the curtains
And began to laugh
As they fell on the bed.
And they played
On his sleeping face
To impart on it
A newer beauty.
I turned and watched the face
Again and again,
And just then heard him
Say in sleep—
"Beloved, forget me not."

This "forget me not"
Is inextricably entwined
With my entire being.
It now sets me on fire
And at the next
Extinguishes the flame.
Now I float on the ocean of life
And then I dive deep into it.
Now I cry, and again I smile,
But always, yes, always
I chant those sacred words—
"Beloved, forget me not."

How is it possible to forget you?
Who can forget his heart?
Can men forget hope?
Can lovers forget love?
Can a devotee forget the deity
He worships?
The current of your love
Has kept me alive,
And your memory
Has made this life
Worth living
In this hard and dreary
World of ours.
I have you always
Before my mind's eyes,
So I do not care
Whether I live or die.

On that day
When in accordance
With the law of Providence
I shall return
To my own abode,
You, beloved, will be able to see
What is written on my soul
In characters of living gold.

Kabyakusumanjali and *Pryaprasanga* are the two most important of her books of verse. She is a splended essayist. Her essays on religious characters, like "Gandhari," "Savitri," "Sumitra," are excellent pieces of craftsmanhsip. Her lucid style, exquisite choice of words and depth of thought make her a finished essayist. It is in these essays that she is academic, which she is never in her poems.

Intensely religious by nature, Mankumari became all the more religious after her husband's death. Her devotion for God deepened, and her religious poems in *Kabyakusumanjali* breathe the fervent devotional fervour of a Hindu woman's

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heart. In her devotional poems she never pretends to enter into a profoundly philosophical discussion, but by faith and devotion she expects to attain the *summum bonum* of life—the Nirvana, as the Hindus call it. We translate one of her religious poems at random:

My Lord, if I am mistaken,
Please break not the illusion—
As long as I live
I will always call you my own
And in the end attain thy feet.
You are the father of the universe,
You made me;
What is the use
Of my delving deep
Into the mysteries of metaphysics,
And the enigmas of creation?

This affectionate world is
Beautiful with your beauty,
And boundless is your
Ocean of love.
The sun and the moon smile
With the breath of your love,
And the blossoms bloom
With the rays of your affection.

Father, mother, brother and sister,
And the love of husband
Are all your precious gifts.
Dear Lord, if I am mistaken
Please awake me not
From my dream of illusion.
You are my teacher
And I am your disciple,
Please teach me
The dominant facts
Of my duty.
I care not
If the malicious people
Hate me,
I fear not sorrow and sickness,
I fear not poverty and unpleasantness,
For I know that
You are the root, and
You the essence of my being
And in the end
The Ganges of my life
Would run *Kulu-Kulu*
Towards, and empty itself
Into the ocean of your love.

Mankumari's personal sorrows helped by her devotional nature have made her intensely humanistic. Those who know her know how at the least sight of sorrow in the world she is moved to tears. She cannot see others suffer. She loves to nurse the sick, and quite often even endangers her own life to save another life. She is charitable almost to a fault. She never refuses a gift if it is within her power. She at present lives with her daughter, who is married to a prominent lawyer at Khulna. Hundreds of destitute children of this city call Mankumari their mother, and she takes them all to her heart. All of her humanistic poems are exceedingly touching. Her "Mother's Cottage" would move many to tears. It is for this, her profound love for God and mankind, that Yarakumar Kaviratna, the poet, critic, and scholar, thus says in his introduction to *Kabyakusumanjali:* "Providence himself, for the good of humanity, speaks through some people some great truth, or expounds a great thought. We call such instruments of God as man God. We look upon Mankumari as one such person. The more I read her poems, and the more I know of her life, the more I am convinced of this fact." Illustrious poets and authors like Bankim Chandra Chattopadhya, Hem Chandra Bandopodhya, Nabin Chandra Sen, Gurudas Bandopadhya, and others have praised Mankumari's ideal life and works in exalted words. Her feeling for the poor and helpless is strikingly expressed in her poem entitled "The Beggar," and it translates as follows:

I, too, am one of you—
I, too, was reared with love
At my mother's bosom
And received affection
On my father's lap.
I, too, was addressed as
"Darling" and "honey."
And I, too, had my hours of joy
In my youth.
Yes, I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you.
The dawn was wont to appear

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In its guileless beauty,
With its necklace of pearls
To assuage the sorrows
Of my heart.
And the luminous moon
Was wont to peep
Into my room,
For I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you—
In my heart, too, waves
Of intense desire
Rise and roar
As they flow in torrents.
I, too, have my rays of hope
Even though they may be like
The moon
Hidden behind the clouds.
I, too, have a life and a heart,
For I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you—
You are the birds of light.
I alone live in darkness.
My eyes do not know
What light is.
Will you save this insignificant
And fallen life of mine?
Will any of you be my own?
For I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you—
I, too, am born in the same earth
Where you are born.
But then, fate has decreed me
To be a beggar;
I cannot help it.
So I live in darkness
And in a sort of imprisonment,
Even then, I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you—
Will you be mine
And call me your own
And thus relieve
The burning pain of my heart?
Will you give me
Just a little of your affection
And bring me into life again?
And thus prove how beautiful
Must be this Kingdom of God on earth.
Shall I ever be able
Even partially to attain
The goal of life
By begging of you?
Will you, dear friends,
Give me as alms—Life Immortal,
For I, too, am one of you.

The new nationalist movement in India has been steadily growing in potency during the last three-quarters of a century. Thousands of credulous Americans are being systematically deceived into believing by interested parties that the present spirit of unrest in India is caused by German agitation. Those who know anything about India know that the father of modern India, Raja Rammohun Roy, was born in 1774, two years before the American Declaration of Independence, and died in 1833, twenty-one years after the War of 1812. Our greatest poets and writers of the last century have been intensely patriotic. Many poems and plays that were written fifty years ago are proscribed to-day by the alien government that rules over India. Mankumari, like Mrs. Kamini Roy and Mrs. Swarnakumari Ghosal, Tagore's sister, is one of the torch-bearers of Indian nationalism. Mankumari has always been a *purdah* woman, so much so that she never allows herself to be photographed; yet thirty years ago she wrote some of the most inspiring of our patriotic songs. By the sharpness of her speech she burns into us the shame of the present political dependence of India—a country where lives one-fifth of the total population of the world. In her poem "Who Are We?" she sums up the real cry from the very bottom of the heart of India. She has indeed an unflinching hope in the ultimate triumph of India when she would take her rightful place among the great and free nations of the world. "Who Are We?" reads thus in translation:

I heard a voice say at night—
"Who are we?"
And it reverberated on my soul.
I listened to it again and again
And was overcome with awe.
Listen, there again the voice sings—
"Who are we?"

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Who are we?
Our bodies are lean,
Our clothes are not clean,
We sigh heart-rending sighs.
All our hopes of happiness,
And prospects of peace
Have vanished.
How can you recognise us,
How can you know who we are?

Who are we?
We are always dependent on others,
We are always engaged to serve
At the feet of foreigners.
And we are emaciated
By the kicks and cuffs of aliens.
How can I tell you who we are?

Who are we?
We eke on
Our miserable existence
Only to cater at the feet
Of the red-faced
And harsh-speaking
Foreigners whose hearts
Are full of injustice.
How can I tell you
The story of our naked shame?
How can I tell you who we are?

Who are we?
Our unfortunate Motherland
Is shedding tears all the time
And she is being tortured
In a thousand different ways.
And yet we humbly bear the sight!
And you ask who we are!

Who are we?
Then listen—
We belong to that great race
That once held up
The torch of knowledge,
And conquered the world
By thought.
How can you know us to-day?
In physical prowess, too,
We were supreme.

The Mogul heart
Trembled with fear
At our bravery,
And the British soldiers
Were defeated
Many times
By our soldiers;
So we to-day are rather ashamed
To disclose our identity.

Our brave women
At times of national calamity
Were wont to put on
Soldiers' uniform
And fight for our country's freedom,
And our children played with
The enemy's blood,
And now, really, who are we?

We may be all but dead,
We may be despicably dependent,
We may be the most hated of the hated,
And yet,
The great soul of India
Is not dead.

We are descendants
Of that great race,
So, brothers, wipe your tears,
Take courage in your broken heart.
Three hundred millions
Of human beings
Cannot altogether
Be wiped out of existence;
You know how
A tree grows
From a grafted twig.

So give the gold you have,
Give the jewels you possess,
Break open your breast
And give the blood of your heart,
Yes, give all you have
And thus regain your manhood,
And the whole world
Would turn
And look at you with respect
Again.

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THE SOLDIER

BY MARICE RUTLEDGE

I

His name was Jean Paul Loup. He came from a race of peasants; his father and father's father had toiled in ceaseless monotony, living on what they reaped. Generations of patient men had bent their bony frames over this soil, digging, picking, kneading the clods. Jean Paul was the son of the land. The dumb love of earth and its creatures was in his heart. He knew what it was to labour the ground with the odour of worms in his nostrils and the hum of growth in his ears. He groped delicately among mouldy matter, watering the stubborn soil with his sweat, coaxing from it the fruits of the season, in order that he and his woman and children might live.

He was of the very structure of the land, gaunt and sturdy, with hands like sinewy roots and deep lines marking his face like furrows in a field. He asked for very little. His wisdom was that of a child. Dawns filled his naïve soul with unquestioning peace. When mists rose from the pores of the land and floated like smoke through the trees and the sky gleamed fresh as youth, he would stride over the fields, whistling to the birds. Twilights passed greeting him like ageing friends grown calm and just.

He lived with his woman, her greedy brood and the animals. But of all these, he loved best Grisel, the donkey. She was so gentle. A carrot, a portion of hay and water from the stream was all she needed to keep her in contentment. She treated the other clamourous beasts with courtesy due to her fellows; but she loved none of them as she loved Jean Paul, her master. When he caressed her between her ears, that were like silken furled leaves, she would lift her voice in worship—"Hee-hon." Jean Paul would answer in the language of peasants.

"See you, my little friend," he would say, "the earth is everything. What have human beings done that is better? With a bit of land, we are kings. In the cities men are foolish and wicked. They squabble over bread and wine and women. They fight when they hate; they fight when they love. They never leave one another alone because they are afraid. Yes, my friend, they are afraid! The weak fear the strong and the strong fear the weak. It seems there is not enough to go round either of money or of goodwill. Here, what we reap is ours. My children sprout like asparagus plants. My old woman is famous for making soup. I am satisfied. Life is divided into parcels, my friend. Give me a bit of land, and God bless me if I am not the happiest of men."

II

One day Jean Paul was called. He went because he would not have known how to disobey when they told him he must fight to defend his land. He took his place passively among young men and old men, rascals and poets, men who were the dregs of the city, men who were philosophers, beggars, heirs to fortunes, schemers, peasants. His ungainly figure, decked in an ill-fitting uniform, was tumbled in with the rest, knocked into shape, and sent to the trenches.

Without hate in his heart, bewildered by the thing they called war, presented with an enemy, Jean Paul Loup floundered on toward the cannon's nozzle. There, where earth was trampled and torn, where forests were uprooted, villages fired, churches smashed, he fought. In the din of hell, where men were blown to bits, where souls were un-

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shriven, where carcasses of animals filled the smoky air with stench, he fought. Where men rotted, blackening under the sun; where prayers never reached God, he fought. And the land he was to defend was bruised and devastated by the onslaught of madmen; the homes he was to protect were demolished by shells. The earth was rent with the noise of death. The taste in his mouth was that of blood; the smell in his nostrils was that of decay, and the sights he saw were for none of God's creatures.

Then hate, like a dark plant germinating in the bowels of the earth, began to grow in the heart of Jean Paul. There was no green in the trees; there was no dawn without bloodshed; there were no birds in the sky. They put a bayonet in his hand and he staggered blindly ahead, learning how to kill. For it was that or death as a coward: probably death in any case.

After a while he learned the lust of killing. He learned the feel of steel sinking in soft, spongy stuff that was flesh; the warm, slimy touch of blood. He learned the look of upturned, dying eyes, full of entreaty, full of defiance, or of resignation. He learned to recognise the grotesque poses of the dead, their final grins. He learned also the cunning of the wild beast: when to spring, when to hide. He learned to curse with the rest of maddened humanity. He learned other nameless things that linked men.

And now the rage of killing was with him.

There was an attack on a village. Jean Paul was foremost in the charge up the wrecked road, past burning houses, shooting, stabbing, yelling. . . .

On the stone steps of the little church a woman sprawled in ghastly surrender. Her clothes had been wrenched from her. A child with its throat cut flopped across her breast. An old woman was crucified on a barn door. A chicken lay crushed to a pulp. A horse neighed its final agony. A dog in ribbons stretched across the road. Little gardens were battered and desolate. Huddled figures, like broken dolls, littered the road.

The enemy passed on.

Victory!

Jean Paul, bayonet slanting, raced after them. He zigzagged fantastically over the fields, shouting and cursing. He stumbled over the graves in a cemetery, shooting from behind tombstones, dodging shells from the big guns. He was upon the laggards, knifing them, wrestling man to man, mingling his breath with that of the enemy, rolling over the stained grass fighting for his life.

When it was over, he lay bleeding, with one leg torn off. But, later, a Cross was pinned on his soiled blue coat. He was congratulated and sent home. He was no longer of any use to an army.

III

He was back on his land. Like a crushed insect he dragged himself over the fields, seeking peace. But there was no peace. The earth held no messages for him. He shrank from the quiet of dawns, the steadfast friendship of the land. Everything was associated in his mind, now, with death and destruction. It did not seem possible that there should still be untrampled fields, singing birds and grazing animals. When the church bells pealed in the little village beyond, he thought of villages in flames; when his children came near him, he thought of the dead child on the woman's breast; when the animals raised their voices, he thought of the horse's death cry. For this reason, he could not bear to go near Grisel. For what he had most loved, now he shunned. He would have dug a hole in the ground and laid himself down and covered himself with earth, had he not seen so many men buried.

He was lonely. He missed the old men and the young men, the good men and the bad men, the cursing, the shouting, the danger. He even missed the

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enemy. He wandered, day and night, over the land his fathers had laboured before him. His wooden leg went clumpety-clump on the soil. He strained his ears for the sullen sound of the cannon. The silence of the country was like a shroud. Sometimes he would crouch in a corner of the farmyard and watch his children and the animals at play, brooding over their innocence. But for Grisel he had never a look.

It was spring. A hum of life was in the air. The great travail was in earth and in the creatures of the earth. He wondered if the growing things did not hurt the soil. Blades of grass and vegetables pierced the sod like sharp little knives cutting their way. Spring was pain. The cracking of buds, the bursting of seeds, the green stains spreading over the fields, were so many wounds. The sky, when it deepened to crimson gashes flecked with red from the setting sun, was like a battlefield where clouds took shape of the dying.

The noise of a child crying, the odour of burning wood at mealtimes, the baying of a dog at night—all these things were connected intimately with an awakened lust that had never been appeased.

One day he took up his gun and shot a bird. The sound of the shot snapped the tension of his nerves. He reloaded his gun and shot again and again in the air, waking echoes. The bird had fallen. He took it up brutally and flung it aside. He hated the serenity of the evening. He wished for a great explosion that would split the surface of the calm and hurl all things into confusion.

He set traps and caught small animals, contemptuously watching their death struggles. They could not even bleed like men. Their cries were no more than the squeaks of midgets in a thunderstorm. He was not satisfied. He dreamed always of night attacks, of enemies, feeling resentful that he had been sent back. He hated them for breaking him and throwing him away.

One day there was a pig to be killed. The feel of the knife in his hand made him happy. He killed the pig slowly, his imagination multiplying the screams until he heard again the roar of battle, felt again the madness of vengeance. The knife went in and out easily. Soon the pig lay mangled and useless, wallowing in dust and filth. Then his wife railed at him. But her voice was no more than a bird's chirp in the wind. She stared at him moodily and went back to her soup making. But he noticed with fierce satisfaction that, when he followed her, she and the children cowered away from him. Fear had settled in the house. Let them be afraid! If they knew what he had done "out there"!

When the soup was eaten and the little whitewashed room sank into shadow, he told them of the killing, glorifying the things he had done. Clasping the bread-knife, he showed them how he had struck the enemy. Kneeling on the stone floor, he showed them how he had strangled and stabbed. They shrank from him with wide, terrified eyes and gaping mouths.

"I did it all for you," he told them brutally, and laughed at their fear. They were lucky to be alive.

But when they had flung themselves on their cots and lay breathing heavily, there seemed no place for him beside his woman. Beyond the quiet of the house, he heard cannons. And, at last, clutching the bread-knife, he tip-toed stealthily out of his home. All about him was the night hush, great spaces of sky and field lit tranquilly by stars. From the stable came the rustle of the creatures sleeping on straw. The sense of their life, of the peace that dwelt with them, of the monotony of their faithful service, roused Jean Paul to savagery. A bitter hatred of the earth and the mild creatures of the earth entered his heart. He was a crippled outcast, denied the right of vengeance.

He drew nearer to the stable, slid the wide door open and hobbled in, his wooden leg tapping a furtive tune. Pungent smells of hay and beasts peopled the shadows. He felt his way blindly,

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obsessed by passion. Suddenly he raised his knife and brought it down on the nearest thing. A creature screamed in agony. He thrust again and again. Something toppled over with a soft thud. He fell with it, his trembling hands dabbling in Grisel's blood.

The rest of the night he mumbled and prayed, pillowing his head on her stiffening flanks. At dawn, he lifted his eyes and saw what he had done. When he had looked his fill, he knelt beside her and, weeping, put the stained knife to his throat.

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

WHARTON

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

VIGNETTES in metallic tones
On fibrous olive black—
The more modern,
The more essentially 18th Century—
As stimulating
But as out of key
As the Princesse de Lamballe
Discoursing at a Thé Dansant.

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SHANGHAI: AN EXPERIMENT IN INTERNATIONALISM

BY NATHANIEL PFEFFER

UNDER the Union Jack suspended from the high ceiling of the rather dingy meeting-room, the members of the Society of St. Andrew sat listening to their chairman read his report on the society's contributions to the British Aeroplane Fund. ". . . To do our part toward purging Europe of the menace of Prussianism," he was saying.

From the next room came the regular tramp of men marching, the thud of grounded arms and the harsh guttural of military commands. They were German soldiers drilling.

Yet there was no bursting of doors, no clamour, no attack; the Union Jack was not struck down. The chairman went on with his denunciation of the Hun, the soldiers rigidly goose-stepped. To each it was a commonplace not worthy of notice, an ordinary incident of wartime. For they were in the international city of Shanghai.

Shanghai is to-day a city of world consequence. It is interesting now for more than its commercial possibilities, its colour, variety and cosmopolitanism—a picturesque dot on the edge of an ancient empire where the loose ends of the earth tie up. To those with some thought for the organisation of the world that is being fashioned anew in the crucible into which the war has plunged it, it stands as the laboratory where the problems of internationalism, now a practical issue in world politics rather than a visionary's dream, are being worked out, if only on a small scale. What is being proposed for Constantinople, for the Near Eastern trade route, for some of the Mediterranean ports, for, ultimately, the world, has been in effect for some years in the unique experiment of the International Settlement of Shanghai. How practicable is internationalism? How does it work out? How does it meet the test of war? Is it worth taking a survey of Shanghai?

Here is a city of ten thousand foreigners superimposed on, or rather within, an ancient Chinese city, inhabited by people of every nationality on earth and governed by all the Powers in concert and with co-equal authority. Here British, Germans, Americans, French, Austrians, Russians, Italians, Belgians, Scandinavians, Japanese, Hindus and various Mohammedan peoples have come to make their livings and establish their homes. It is cosmopolitan in the sense in which no other city is cosmopolitan. It is not predominantly French as is Paris, English as is London, American as is New York, Turkish as is Constantinople. Here neither race nor culture predominates.

It is a complex of all the civilisations and "kulturs." You can read newspapers in any language; you can send your children to a school where they will be taught their own language, literature and national interpretation of history; you can go to church and hear a sermon in your own tongue, whether it be Russian or Parsee. In the hotels and cafés three or four tongues can be picked from the buzz of conversation over the tables. The streets are vivid with the colours of the costumes of every people. It is an outpost to which each nation has sent its vanguard in the keen struggle for commercial and political supremacy in the world's richest market.

The internationalisation of Shanghai was worked out empirically rather than adopted by programme. It was developed slowly as the most logical way to deal with the problems that con-

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fronted men of all nationalities transplanted in an ancient and backward civilisation; it arose out of as humble a need as that of passable roads and proper sewage. The first step came twelve years after the port had been opened to foreign trade by the Opium War of 1842, by which the British also obtained a grant of land just outside the wall of the native city. By 1850 the French had obtained a similar grant and the Americans had taken up, without a formal cession by the Chinese Government, a site adjoining the British and French concessions.

In 1854, when the need of more settled conditions of living had become pressing, a joint board was appointed by the three settlements to lay common drains and roadways and to assess taxes on the residents of the three settlements for their construction and maintenance. Then a joint code of regulations was adopted and a board of administration appointed for local matters. From this arrangement the French withdrew a few years later, setting up their own concession, which still stands independent of the International Settlement, though in important matters working in conjunction with it. Then in 1863 the American and British concessions were formally incorporated for municipal purposes with a single government. Into that government the other Powers have been admitted, and increased functions have been taken over, until now the ten square miles that make up the International Settlement constitute a completely independent community, internationally governed; and so efficiently governed that, in addition to its ten thousand foreigners, it has a population of four hundred thousand Chinese who have come there for increased security, greater comfort and better opportunities.

As it functions at present, Shanghai is in many respects a microcosm of the world internationalised and at any rate a working model for Constantinople or any of the other strategically situated cities whose domination by any one Power is dangerous or provocative of friction. For that which affects it as a whole there is centralised control; for each of its integral parts independent control. No resident of the Settlement in any way forfeits his nationality. He merely merges it with that of his fellow residents in those matters of government which are better administered that way and in which nationality is more or less irrelevant. Thus, every resident is subject to the laws of his own country just as if he were at home; the law of every nation is operative over its citizens in Shanghai as if they were within its own borders. For example, the *China Press,* the American newspaper, is bound by one set of libel laws; the *North China Daily News,* the British organ, by another and more stringent set, often making a considerable difference in the way in which each presents the same news. That one man has duties and privileges that his neighbour has not merely adds to the flavour of life that is Shanghai's.

For the administration of its laws each nation maintains its own court, its own district attorney and its own jail. The smaller Powers maintain only consular courts, however. Litigation is conducted on the principle that operates in international law; that is, suits between citizens of different nationality are heard in the court of the defendant. For the Chinese there is a unique tribunal known as the Mixed Court—a court presided over by two magistrates sitting jointly, one foreign and one Chinese. The foreign magistrates, who are appointed by the Consular Body alternate in sitting. At present the British magistrates—or, as they are called there, assessors—sit Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the American assessors Tuesday and Thursday and the German Saturday. Assessors of other nationalities sit only when the interests of their nationals are involved. To this court are brought all Chinese offenders within the Settlement and civil suits between Chinese. Nominally the two assessors sit with equal

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authority; in actual practice the foreign assessor's decision prevails, for as yet the Chinese comprehension of modern principles of justice is still primitive.

The other purely national agencies are, of course, the consulates and the post-offices. Each country maintains its own post-office, managed by officials appointed from home and operated under domestic laws and domestic rates of postage exactly as in a city at home. It is interesting to note that one of the appropriations last year in what is known in the United States as the "pork barrel" bill was for a new post-office for Shanghai. But in this case the appropriation was justified, for the American postal agency there has been notoriously badly housed since it was first opened.

The other agencies of government are all international. Final authority is vested in the Consular Body, the organisation of the fourteen consuls, but the actual power is wielded by the Municipal Council, a body of nine men elected by the vote of all foreign residents with certain property qualifications. Because the British are not only most numerous but hold the greatest share of property they have a majority in the council. The present council is made up of six Britons, one American, one Russian and one Japanese. Before the war there was also one German, but he was defeated in the first election held after the war began.

The council has all the power of an American municipality with home rule. Under its jurisdiction are the harbour, customs, streets, roads, sanitation, water-works, electric light and power plant, licenses, taxation and so forth. Two checks however, operate on the council. First, there is the annual meeting of taxpayers, who meet to approve the budget and the apportionment of taxes. Second, any legislation passed by it of a general nature affecting the Settlement must be approved by the government of each nation. This is a contingency, however, which seldom arises.

The protection of the community is vested in a truly international military force and a police force, also international, though unofficially so. The Shanghai Volunteer Corps is made up of companies from each of the nationalities most numerous in the Settlement, with about one thousand troops in all. Each unit uses the uniform, weapons, manual and code of the army of its own country, but the officers are all appointed by the Municipal Council, which also makes the rules for the conduct of the Corps and from which the Corps takes its commands. This force has already on numerous occasions proved itself of great value in defending the Settlement in times of native uprisings, particularly in the revolutions of 1911 and 1913. And it is significant of the spirit of both the Corps and the Settlement that three months after the outbreak of the war the English, German and Austrian companies took part side by side in the annual sham battle and manœuvres. But that, it may be said, was before the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Immediately after that tragedy it might have been inadvisable.

The police force is appointed and directed by the council. The majority are Chinese and Sikhs from northern India, but there are about five hundred foreigners, of whom the larger part are Scottish and Irish and the remainder of all nationalities. For the complicated problem of maintaining order in a city of four hundred thousand Chinese unused to Occidental ideas of order the police force is an effective and efficient body. And at no time, even since the war, has either the Volunteer Corps or the police force been used for any other purpose than the protection of the community as a whole; never has either been used in the interests of any one nationality.

The test of internationalism will always be, of course, its resistance in time of war. That test Shanghai has met. Its existence as an international community after two and a half years of war, into which almost all the rest of

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the world has been swept, is *ipso facto* proof that it has met it. But it has not only retained its international character; it has also retained its neutrality. In spite of the large preponderance, in numbers and influence, of the subjects of the Entente Allies; in spite of the undisputed use of the city by the Germans as the headquarters for their propaganda for inciting insurrection in the Orient; in spite of much bitterness and high feeling and an unbroken succession of crises and dramatic incidents—life in the International Settlement has been at the tautest stretch of tension since August, 1914—in spite of all that, the Settlement has been officially neutral exactly as have New York, Madrid and Amsterdam.

The Municipal Council, though controlled by representatives of allied nations, has legislated only as the agent of a neutral community. In the harbour the laws of neutrality have been strictly enforced. German and Austrian vessels have been given the shelter of internment and their crews permitted to live on shore. Germans and Austrians have been allowed to come and go within their full legal rights. The British Enemy Trading Act, which since the spring of 1915 has forbidden trade of any kind between British subjects and those of hostile nations, has been enforced only within its rights, and the trade black-list applied only as it has been in other countries. German and Austrian commerce in China, it is true, has been completely paralysed, but that has been as the natural consequence of the blockade rather than of local restrictions. But their rights and privileges as citizens and taxpayers of the local government—the use of transportation facilities, light, power, water, even for commercial purposes—they have been accorded in the same measure as those of other nationalities.

Some infractions there have been undoubtedly but they have been almost entirely in personal relationships. Germans and Austrians have been expelled from the clubs, discharged from their employment in allied firms and virtually barred from social activities. A great deal of bitterness has been engendered, bitterness that will spoil for a generation the zest of the cosmopolitan social life that made Shanghai the "Paris of the East." But beyond that, with but a few minor exceptions, the infractions have not gone, although there have been opportunities and temptations in plenty. At least one of the escaped officers of the *Emden* was known to have made his way to Shanghai and taken shelter in the German club, but he was allowed to continue his journey, presumably to rejoin his country's forces. And in the "Medicine for India" case, when Chinese coolies were caught smuggling arms and ammunition out of the country to India at the instructions of Teutonic agents, although the name of the prominent Austrian business man who had given those instructions and supplied the arms was publicly known, he was not molested and is now living there, possibly still sending arms to India in the guise of medicine.

Possibly we may not be justified in drawing too sweeping conclusions from the results of international government in Shanghai; perhaps the stakes have not been so big in China as in the Balkans and Africa. But this much can be said: it has at least proved that nationalism is not the last word in the organisation of the world, and that some sort of federation, if only for the sore and sensitive spots of the earth, is not entirely visionary. What has been successful in a city on the Chinese coast at least deserves trying on the shores of the Bosphorus—and eventually, perhaps, on the shores of the Seven Seas.

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THE BRIDGE

BY ETHEL WENDELL TROUT

Over the rushing, busy stream
I stretch my mighty span,
Touching the heart of the city's mart,
With its turmoil and struggle and pain and smart,
Which have been since the world began;
Watching the lives that go over, under,
Lives that are full of joy and wonder,
Lives that have been one mighty blunder,
Comedy, tragedy, dream.

Day after day, and year after year,
I stretch my mighty span;
Guessing the goal of each brain and soul,
Guessing how each man has paid life's toll,
What of it all is the plan;
Watching the life that goes under, over,
Fussy small tug or deep-sea rover,
Pomp and vanity, riches and pride,
Grief and poverty, side by side,
Vision and smile and tear.

God knows the plan he has made for man,
And all are working his purpose out,
But I stretch my span, and the passers scan,
And wonder what it is all about.

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THE MASQUE OF POETS AS SEEN BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON WRB'16
MEETS THE MAN FROM ASOLO AT MIDNIGHT

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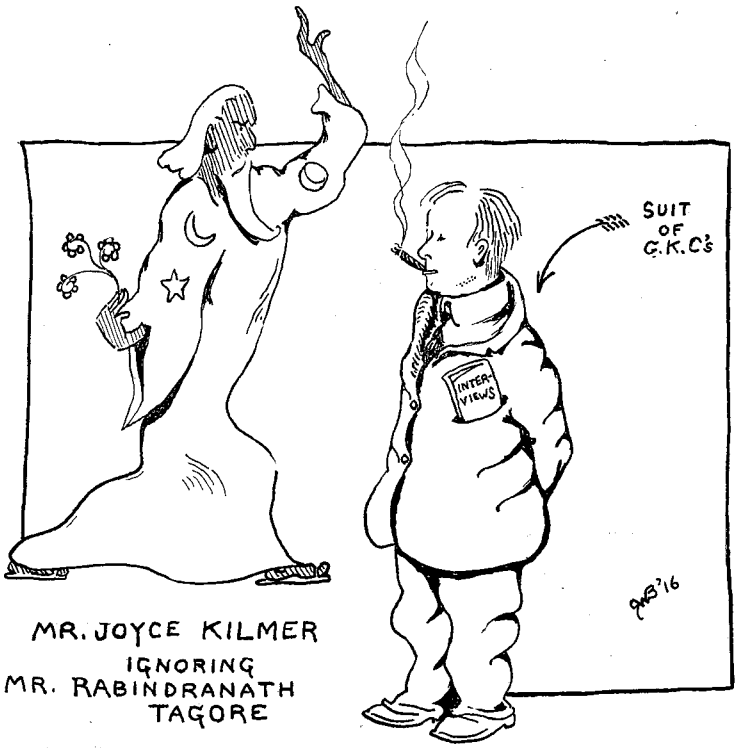
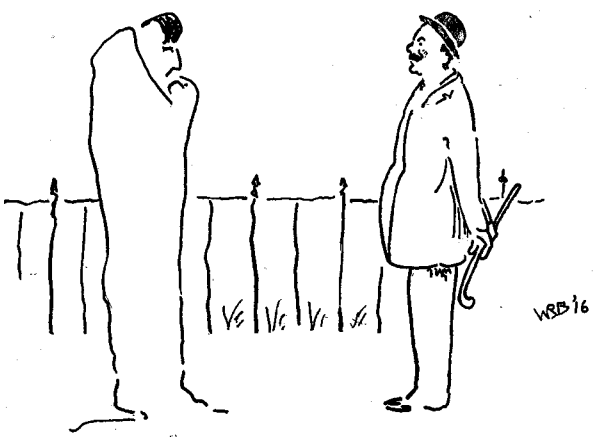


MR. JOYCE KILMER
IGNORING
MR. RABINDRANATH TAGORE



THOMAS WALSH
MEETS THE GHOST OF
A SPANISH PAINTER
IN GRAMERCY PARK

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AMALGAMATED ART

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

EIGHTEEN years ago Mr. Ernest Newman wrote and Mr. James Huneker reviewed a book on Richard Wagner. Extraordinary collocation!—a critic of genius reviewed by a critic of genius, and both agreed that the essential and notorious premise upon which the most spectacular art of the nineteenth century had reared itself was a precarious premise, a premise fallacious, fugitive, negligible. Pater—if we accurately apprehend his meaning—would have subscribed to their point of view. In the opening sentences of *The School of Giorgione* we read as follows: "It is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of colour in painting, of sound in music, of rhythmical words in poetry. In this way, the sensuous element in art, and with it almost everything in art that is essentially artistic, is made a matter of indifference; and a clear apprehension of the opposite principle—that the sensuous material of each art brings with it a special phase or quality of beauty, untranslatable into the forms of any other, an order of impressions distinct in kind—is the beginning of all true æsthetic criticism." All of which is, we assume, a rather steep and tortuous way of proclaiming the inviolability of art's various mediums and manifestations.

In defending the synthetic point of view which served as a basis for his extraordinarily acute, sumptuous and compelling art Richard Wagner proclaimed his interesting belief that music as a purely autonomous art had practically ceased with Beethoven. The symphony, he contended, could progress no further. Music as abstract sound, music unsupported and unillumined by text, voice, action, scenery, colour was no longer a thinkable proposition.

Wagner made the mistake that the progressive in art often makes of assuming that because his particular temperament necessitated the constructing and exploiting of a new medium of expression, older mediums of expression had become permanently ineffectual. Obviously Wagner was in error. Tchaikovsky in his "Pathetic" Symphony, composed ten years after the death of Wagner, gave to the world a work which, despite its vulnerableness to academic criticism, yet remains one of the most memorable and original conceptions in all music. We do not allege the case of Brahms, for we think that Brahms, despite the inherent and indisputable beauty of much of his music, fails to supply us with a vital, an irresistible, an indisputable impulse. Obviously enough, the supreme confutation of Wagner's intemperate and somewhat premature hypothesis is to be found in Wagner's own music. We know that the very strength of Wagner lies in his failure to fuse the component elements of his art into an equitable whole. He who preached the indissolubility of his art, the dependence of its various ingredients, the one upon the other, yet retains his supreme and impregnable prestige by reason of the very thing he repudiated —the appeal of his music as sheer, unadulterated music. The music of Debussy's *Pélleas and Mélisande* is inconceivable apart from its association with the drama of Maeterlinck; the music of Wagner is both a conclusive commentary upon the action of the drama with which it is associated, and a kind of actual sound as authentically significant as the music of Beethoven.

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But granting the paradox, the thing that is remarkable is that neither Mr. Newman nor Mr. Huneker nor any of those persons that have condemned the grandiose æstheticism of the composer of *Tristan und Isolde* seem to have perceived that Wagner was working in accordance with a kind of very subtle but none the less potent psychological law. At the moment we can think of no immediate evidence to the effect that Wagner himself appreciated this. In advancing and advertising the merits of his particular scheme of æsthetics, he need not have condemned as obsolete the symphonic form of Beethoven. His art was an amalgamation psychologically justified by the occult law of correspondences, of association of ideas. To call Wagner's intelligence a morbid, degenerate intelligence merely because it intensely reacted to the inevitable interrelationship between the arts is, it would seem, a rather too precious and extreme diagnosis. Granting all that the most inveterate antagonist of Wagner may bring against him, granting that Wagner as a music-maker incomparably outranks Wagner the poet, the philosopher and the dialectician—well, it is yet not entirely irrational to contend that Wagner's theory of a synthesis in the arts was justified and—in its superb consummation—exonerated.

Contrary to much eminent belief we can only partially disentangle the arts from one another. They are correlated just as our senses are correlated. Music instantaneously evokes an image in our minds, projects an emotion reducible to terms of literature. The Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, for all its perfection as sheer sound, remains, in a certain perhaps superficial sense, programme music. That such a statement may lay one open to a vehement charge of impiety is probable; but how shall we otherwise define a music that has admittedly for its basis a literary idea? It was inevitable that art should, sooner or later, mobilise all its various methods and mediums of appeal, that it should concentrate in one art the peculiar manifestations of all arts, that it should impinge simultaneously upon our sense of sight, of thought and of sound. As this psychological amalgamation has become more and more refined, music has lost something, perhaps, of its earlier abstract perfection, its purely decorative quality, but it has gained immeasurably in emotional expressiveness. True, the process impeccably manipulated and logically carried to its ultimate conclusion stultifies itself. The music of Leo Ornstein, for example, is absolutely negligible as sheer music. Only when we are made acquainted with Ornstein's state of mind, of the idea back of this music does it become tolerably comprehensible. Evidently it is not a self-supported art. For all its external and alleged reversion to instincts of an aboriginal and untrammelled energy, it is, in the last analysis, the music of sophistication. In other words, it must be heard with the intelligence as well as with the ear drums. Its impact is no more pregnant of exquisite issues than is a banging of a drum; and if Ornstein believes that his hearers, unaided by any hint from him, are going to register a valid, or so little even as a vivid, emotion from this sort of thing, he is absurdly in error. Even the Debussy of the piano pieces, precious music-maker that he undoubtedly is, presents us with a kind of amorphous, emasculated sound that demands a literary explanation if it would yield us its ultimate degree of loveliness. With Chopin, for example, the intrinsic strength and beauty of the music quite aside from any literary or pictorial significance it may possess is sufficient. Debussy, on the other hand, must first excite his fancy and the fancy of his listeners with some poetic clue in itself provocative of a certain delicate pleasurableness. Having already created a mood and stimulated a sensuous receptivity with his titles ("Jardins sous la pluie," "Des pas sur la neige," "Pagodes," and so forth), he leads you, an enraptured captive, into an adroit, harmonic bondage. There is no denying the effectiveness of the method. Indeed,

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the genius of contemporary French music is mostly in its titles. That it is not great music in the sense that the elemental surge and thunder of Chopin's C minor Etude, opus 25, is great music, is, of course, quite another matter.

Granting that in the process of amalgamation the component elements have become adulterated, debilitated and therefore lacking in something of their original validity, the result is, nevertheless, a heightened appeal, an impact upon our sensibilities infinitely subtle and intense. However memorable and moving Wagner's music is as a separate entity, it is incomparably more valuable, poignant and enrapturing when heard within the magical confines of its theatrical setting. That this statement will conflict with much popular opinion does not detract from its impregnable accuracy. No one who has not perceived the inextricableness of Wagner's various mediums of communication has penetrated to the essential gist, the inner ferventness and pulse beat of the most acute art that the world has yet known. Wagner is so great in his universality, simplicity, vigour and outspokenness that he may be enjoyed however much his original intention is thwarted and deflected. A park band could not impair the eternal, inevitable eloquence of that passage where a few chords, naked and primal as Genesis, peal out their panegyric to the dead Siegfried. So much of nobility and austere anguish cannot be denied or demolished. But the Wagner of the concert room is not and never can be the Wagner of the theatre. Eliminate action if you will, eliminate scenery, lights, colour—although these things are inestimable auxiliaries—but admit the indispensable significance of text! A passage in Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Tchaikovsky may move us as much as sheer music can move us, but how far short it of necessity falls in comparison with that moment in the *Walküre*, for example, when our literary emotions are excited by Brünnhilde's proclamation of the coming birth of Siegfried, and our musical emotions are electrified by that sudden, ecstatic burst of sound from C to B major at Brünnhilde's words, *Ein Walsung wacht dir im Schooss!* Has the crowning function of maternity received a more glorious tribute from art than it does in this veritable apotheosis of sound miraculously mated to action and the concrete articulateness of the spoken word? The basis of the art of Wagner is a power that we have only dimly apprehended—the incalculable, sometimes sinister power of suggestion, of thought reverberations, of sensory echoings and re-echoings. Undoubtedly, an instinctive appreciation of this power is the latent impulse back of our modern tendency toward synthetic appeal. That the art of Beethoven is a purer, more native, more immaculate art than this art may not unreasonably be argued; that it is as vivid, intimate and essential to a contemporary range of emotion we emphatically deny.

One thing we simply cannot get away from—the obvious trend of the art of the last century in the direction of a constantly tightening acuteness and poignancy of appeal. All abstract, æsthetic axioms and theorisings to the contrary, the fact remains that expression is the cardinal aim of the art of to-day. We demand that the art and the artist project an emotion, create a mood, excite us to retrospection and face us with our own half-unconfessed disquietudes, desires and defeats. If the raw and aching urgency of this appeal can come to us in a manner and through a medium of consummate beauty, we are fortunate, and the highest altitude of art has been scaled. But it is obviously the characteristic of our immediate time to place a premium upon the expression at the expense of the beauty. We no longer ask that a voice, for instance, be sheerly and perfectly beautiful; we ask, nay! we demand that it be able to perceive, penetrate to and expose the interior gist, pith and marrow of the moving spirit back of the work of art. According to the finest distinction, one may no more properly call the activities of a Ludwig

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Wüllner an individual art form than one would call the Russian Ballet an individual art form. Wüllner's treatment of German *lieder* consisted of a series of dramatic interpretations in which gesture and facial expression played a dominant part. Indeed, it is not entirely irrational to contend that the entire range of modern dramatic music depends for its essential effectiveness upon qualities other than purely musical ones. By no stretch of amiability or courtesy could we call the voice of a Mary Garden a beautiful voice, and yet who would willingly forego her Thaïs, her Mélisande, her Jongleur, her Salome? More illustrious still—indeed, a superlative example—was the case of Olive Fremstad. Fremstad's voice was inadequate to the demands she made upon it; she sang the difficult rôle of Isolde with her intelligence and her emotions rather than with her voice, and yet there can be no doubt that she presented us with a spectacle of a more beautiful and compelling persuasiveness than any other spectacle that our generation has seen. Fremstad's art is recognised by the few to-day, and will be recognised by the many to-morrow (sad perversity!) as the most consummate loveliness that the operatic stage of our time has known. "Fremstad's Isolde is great," says a veritable aristocrat of criticism, Mr. William Henderson, "even when the prima donna is out of voice." It was great, as all her interpretations were great, because it contained in its appeal—and to an ultimate degree of intensity—all that plastic grace, exquisite and ingratiating gesture, native beauty and appropriate timbre of voice can yield of eloquence and rapture. The spoken word Siegfried in the heart-rending second act of the *Götterdämmerung* sufficed to illuminate the entire drama with a spiritual radiance almost excruciating in its significance. No mere perfection of voice could have equalled the appealing import of this spoken word. Who that has heard her can forget her lament over the dead Tristan? Who that has seen her can forget her entrance in the second act of the *Walküre,* a haunted, distraught creature with terror blown about her like clouds? Here voice, gesture, action, facial expression were miraculously woven into a symmetry that Rodin, no doubt, would have appreciated and recorded.

For the individual beauty of these moments—moments of which we are now unhappily deprived—we have no parallel; but we have seen something approximating their subtility in the recent and notorious exhibitions of the Russian Ballet. It is not surprising that the appeal of the Russian Ballet should have proved a more or less tenuous and transient one. Pantomime, it may be tentatively assumed, can never succeed in maintaining a substantial hold on public attention. There is something undeniably ridiculous about it, something for which no adroitness of presentation can make amends. Perhaps it is the fantastic note that alienates and antagonises our interests—a valuable note, no doubt, but a note, in the last analysis, dispensable because dehumanised. The aboriginal frankness, the sinister suggestiveness of much that the Russian Ballet did was not calculated to endear it to the good graces of the majority. It was, however, a supreme exhibition of synthesis, combining with a kind of almost aggressive formidableness the various impacts upon our sensibilities that are contained in colour, in music and in action.

To note appreciatively the obvious abundance of this very modern effort toward a conglomerate appeal, is not, of necessity, to indorse it at the expense of the individual medium. As a matter of fact, the system is often abused and distorted and made to appear ridiculous. Co-ordination that is the result of a fortuitous, spontaneous and inspired impulse, and co-ordination that is the result of a very premeditated, self-conscious and super-precious striving are two distinctly different things. One cannot demonstrate this difference; one can only feel it. It is the indefinable but vital difference that exists between the legiti-

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mate and the illegitimate, the authentic and the counterfeit. It is the thing that made Scriabin's colour symphony with its electric lighting apparatus appear a negligible idiosyncrasy instead of a significant novelty. Much of the so-called interpretative dancing of the present time (again synthesis!) remains intrusively inconsequential, not, necessarily, because the idea is wrong, but because the exploitation of the idea is inept. The Russian Ballet, for all that the ultra note in it repelled us at times, registered and maintained an undeniable salience through the inherent genius and vivid radiance of its projectors. Not only did it possess in Nijinsky an actor of unique and superior excellence (surely his slave in the *Scheherazade* was the rarest spectacle of recent years) but the entire affair was impelled by the controlling power of an impeccable sense of artistic values, compared to which the sort of artistic *faux pas* recently committed in this city by Miss Isadora Duncan appears a sheer effrontery, an insipid amateurishness. Miss Duncan's subjective impressions of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony as proclaimed through the printed word and, less concretely, of course, through her various actions, were of a degree of imagination so sheerly commonplace and banal that Tchaikovsky, we are quite sure, would have vehemently resented and repudiated them. It all comes down to the question of good taste, and how few people possess that unerring and instinctive feeling for the fitness of things which we call "good taste!" Nijinsky and his associates exploited with consummate *finesse* the exotic note of grotesqueness and exorbitance which appears the dominant note in the art of the times, particularly since its obvious reversion to the point of view of the East. Much of their material demanded that kind of sharp, squat, menacing, ugly frankness and caustic conciseness of action which was first revealed to us in the *Sumurun* production of some years ago. In their happier moments all of this appeared an inevitable reflex of the matter in hand. But it is a question whether the eloquent and mournful beauty of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, or the Allegretto of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is not enervated and caricatured by a treatment such as Miss Duncan imposes upon these works.

No doubt the symphony, the sonata, the string-quartet will continue to enlist the efforts of the musician, no doubt the spoken word is sufficient for an adequate realisation of the epic. In view of the fact that an impeccable co-operation of the various arts would probably necessitate a sacrifice of something of the essential potency of each one of them, this impeccable co-operation is evidently not a desirable thing. Wagner preached the sovereignty of the written word but he did not commit the unpardonable error of subordinating his musical inspiration to its dictates or to the exigencies of dramatic action. Paradoxically enough, the very inconsistencies for which he had been censured constitute the impregnable bulwarks of his abiding supremacy. His drama is merely a kind of gigantic programmatic note, and once the inspiration is set in motion he becomes primarily and spontaneously engaged in expression. We do not cavil over the upset to the equilibrium; we are grateful for the sublime flood of tonal irresponsibility that breaks from his orchestra. Compare this procedure with Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande* and realise the futility of logic. If symmetry, proportion, consistency of conception were the ultimate attributes of the abiding work of art, *Pelléas and Mélisande* would be the one perfect music drama. But perfection is the prerogative of the lesser workman of art. Does Debussy premeditatedly sacrifice all else to achieve this impeccable proportion, or is so salient a reticence and repression the reflex of a singularly sterile and emasculated temperament?

We may assume that music does not necessarily detract from colour and poetry, and that colour and poetry are latent attributes of music. Mr. Yeats would no doubt dispute the

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point, but he does not object when George Moore solicits incidental music for their play *Diarmuid and Grania* from Elgar. Nor does Dunsany object when Mr. Steward Walker informs him that Arthur Farwell is writing incidental music for the *Gods of the Mountain*. From the conventional tremolo of the strings to which our theatres have accustomed us from time immemorial to the supersensitive suggestiveness of Debussy, music has proved itself a vital adjunct to drama, and the concrete pictorialness of drama—let us take at random the fire of the "Ring"—cannot fail to lend an onomatopœic vividness to sound. Who shall say then that amalgamated art is not a rational, a beautiful, an almost necessary thing?

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

TARKINGTON

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

FAIRY tales,
Bully old fairy tales!
Cinderella
Coaxed from Heliopolis
To Indianapolis!
The Beast turned Barber
And Beauty—Manicure?
And now young Jack the Giant-killer,
Death to all grown-ups!

Fairy tales,
Corking old fairy tales,
Old only as spring is old
Or dawn is old
Or humour or love.

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE one story of this month, beyond doubt, is *His Family*. It marks a notable advance upon *The Harbor*, that first novel which was itself so much more than a "book of promise." Here is intensified our sense of an eye looking without confusion upon that most complex of modern scenes, New York; and the human story projected against that scene has far greater dignity and, in its way, beauty, than the earlier tale. Taken by itself, in so far as it may be, this story of a man and his three daughters has much of the quiet precision and naturalness of one of the earlier novels of Mr. Howells. We do not have to try to believe in these people; they *are*, and they are such stuff as neighbourhoods are made on. And they have the high quality of Mr. Howells's characterisation, as individuals, as American types of the hour, and, by their very fidelity of "colour," as representing humanity the world over. By telling his story from the point of view of an oldster, a member of a generation already past, the story-teller sets off the modernity which is its key-note. Forty years before our meeting with him, Roger Gale had come from the New Hampshire farm of his forefathers to New York, that place of marvels which he still recalls as "the *young* New York" in contrast with that *old* New York of which the ancients of his own youth had babbled. Already it was a busy, noisy, adventurous place, but a place in which confusion had not become confounded: "a city where American faces were still to be seen upon all its streets, a cleaner and a kindlier town, with more courtesy in its life, less of the vulgar scramble. A city of houses, separate homes, of quiet streets with rustling trees, with people on the doorsteps upon warm summer evenings and groups of youngsters singing as they came trooping by in the dark." Such was the scene of Roger Gale's early manhood, of his toilsome and cheerful ascent of the ladder of a moderate "success"; of his happy marriage. The death of his wife has left him, in his forties, the dazed father of three daughters. In her last hours she has made him promise that he will "live on in their children's lives." But the failure of his faith in immortality and his despair of reunion with his mate have taken the heart out of him. He is nearly sixty, and his children have reached womanhood, before he rouses himself and begins to grope for life through them—almost too late. He finds himself in a strange city. Alien faces throng the streets, his down-town dwelling is overshadowed by apartment houses, a fever of unrest, social, commercial, and spiritual, fills the air. The three daughters have little in common but the tie of family. The oldest, Edith, a little feminine creature of thirty-five, is a too-devoted wife and mother, Victorian in intellect and morals, but slave of "the proper thing," which is to her the latest thing in housekeeping and child-rearing. She succeeds in making everybody very uncomfortable with her busy virtue, lacking which she would be a nice little thing enough. Deborah, the second daughter,

*His Family. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This Is the End. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Cinderella Jane. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Good Girl. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

One Year of Pierrot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Jerry of the Islands. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Shadow Line. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

A Diversity of Creatures. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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takes her modernity with extreme seriousness. By way of public school teaching, she has become a sort of neighbourhood mother with a great and motley constituency. She has an abnormal sense of obligation, is determined to lift as much of the world's burden of ignorance and suffering upon her shoulders as she can stagger under—as long as she can stagger. But she is a real woman, and abstains from the wifehood and motherhood for which she is fitted only because she fears the life of narrow absorption of which her sister Edith is an awful example. The third child, Laura, is a modern of another type, a born daughter of pleasure, armed with the convenient theories of personal freedom, living one's own life, and so on, which enable her to do as she pleases with an easy mind. She marries to be the extravagant mistress of a careless husband, until her mood demands a second mating of the same sort; children she will not have. To the fact of his possession of these bewildering children Roger Gale awakes. He himself is naturally of open and curious mind, and his study of them is not without its exhilaration. By degrees the truth of their relation to him and to the world is brought home to him. They are part of a great sequence, an endless progression, an immortality of human experience "endlessly renewing itself," in which he himself has his place: in his children's lives he must himself live on. The hope of existence beyond the grave also is renewed in him. As he takes his quiet leave of life, a vision attends him of the generations who are to survive and follow him, toward some dim and happy end for the race. Children, in his dream, come marching along a great thoroughfare: "He followed and saw the street divide into narrower streets and byeways, into roads and country lanes. And all were filled with children. In endless multitude they came—marching, marching, spreading, spreading, like wide bobbing fields of flowers rolling out across the land, toward a great round flashing sun above a distant rim of hills. . . ."

If the central effect of this narrative is of firmness and poise,—the complex and shifting mass of modern life held and interpreted by a hand which is in no doubt of its task,—a totally opposite effect is that of *This Is the End,* by Stella Benson. In *I Pose* this young writer not long ago introduced herself to our somewhat perturbed consciousness. She was observing the British literary code of our century in being clever, in trying to jolt us in a new way, in asserting herself at all costs. But her recklessness seemed a little too real for comfort, her modernity too desperate, her feminine nature set too defiantly against any sort of simple emotion or faith. The impression is renewed in this second novel, or fantasy. The opening words of a narrative that is not divided into chapters gives the mood: "This is the end, for the moment, of all my thinking, this is my unfinal conclusion. There is no reason in tangible things, and no system in the ordinary ways of the world. Hands were made to grope, and feet to stumble, and the only things you may count on are the unaccountable things. System is a fairy and a dream, you never find system where or when you expect it. There are no reasons except reasons you and I do not know. I should not be really surprised if the policeman across the way grew wings, or if the deep sea rose and washed out the chaos of the land. I should not raise my eyebrows if the daily press became the Little Sunbeam of the Home, or if Cabinet Ministers struck for a decrease of wages. I feel no security in facts, precedent seems no protection to me. The wisdom you can find in an encyclopædia, or in Selfridge's Information Bureau, seems to me just a transitory adaptation to quicksand circumstance." There is another side to the puzzle, to be sure, for if whatever is, is not, then it is probable that whatever is not, is. "If the things which I know in spite of my education were false, if the eyes of the sea forgot their secret, or if the accent of the steep woods became vulgar, if the fairy adventures that

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happen in my heart fell flat, if the good friends my eyes have never seen failed me—then indeed I should know emptiness, and an astonishment that would kill." This is the familiar Chestertonian reversal of things; but the writer is more certain of her negative than of her affirmative. Therefore we see young Jay, the girlish rebel against convention, domestic and other, becoming a 'bus-conductor in London, proving her independence of convention, and almost embracing one of those modern extra-matrimonial arrangements of which the very young think so favourably. In her case this affair is mystically involved in a sort of subconscious life, a dream world, in which Jay has always moved alone. Something, convention or common-sense, steps in to prevent the completion of her adventure, and (we gather) she slumps into respectability and marriage to a normal mate.

The lady of *Cinderella Jane* is another modern girl meeting life on its advanced ground. She meets it, however, in a very different mood, since she is sure of what she is after from the outset—namely, to be herself, and to express herself in terms of literature. A village maiden who has been recognised as a great hand to write, she comes to New York with her little wares, and there is presently set right by a kindly editor, who explains to her that she has a long and painful road ahead of her. He advises her to keep on writing, but not to try to publish anything until she is sure it is good. So she retires to her city cubicle, and for five years writes by night, earning her bread and butter as the drudge of a group of artists of both sexes, who need to have their studios and their stockings looked after. The most brilliant and beloved among them is Jerry Paxton. He has beauty and talent and no great force of character. He is not a lady-killer, but is in some peril of being lady-killed; and he presently follows an impulse of escape by offering marriage to the silent and safe Jane. She has had a moment of miraculous emergence in the rôle of Salome at a fashionable show, but he knows nothing of her character or her ambitions. Now Jane has been advised by a notable critic to whom she has shown her work that she needs to come out of her cell and acquaint herself with life by risking some personal stake. It occurs to her that wifehood and motherhood may be useful for her purpose, so she accepts Jerry. He is disposed to be the old-fashioned husband, with a hand upon his wife's affairs, but she is determined to be very much the new-fashioned wife. Beyond the range of the domestic experiences they necessarily have in common, including parentage, she considers herself to be none of his business. Therefore she conceals the nature of the work which absorbs her, keeps her old work-room, and thither mysteriously resorts of mornings, leaving Jerry to mind the baby. Why not? does not she mind the baby in the afternoon, which is Jerry's chosen work-time? She writes a great book, is applauded by the world, and Jerry, who has been rather rebellious, duly comes to heel, asking forgiveness for not having understood what she has given him no chance to understand. But that is not the end of his purgation, for now the notable critic, having been relieved by Providence of a crazy wife, feels not altogether intelligibly free to express his love for Jane. Jerry catches him at it, and the three show themselves proper Shavians by discussing the unfortunate situation, and leaving it to Jane to decide which man she shall cleave to. She takes Jerry's child and departs for the country to think it out: luckily Jerry's child takes to very old-fashioned tactics by falling ill and revealing to Jane that the father is, after all, "her man." That she is also his woman is a fact which she does not mention, but we trust she has it in mind, for the sake of their future. The truth is, genius apart, she is a rather tiresome and irritating person—to the male observer, at least.

The Good Girl is oddly named, for the central figure is another of those aimless, blundering young males with much sensibility and little character, whom, ac-

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cording to the younger British novelists, one might take to be a predominant type in the England of to-day—or at least in antebellum England. Vendred is amible, he means well, he is a negative sort of gentleman,—and there is nothing else "to" him. Nor is the person of secondary importance in the story the "good girl" whom he weakly marries and weakly wrongs. The real study here is her mother, Mrs. Dover, a voluptuous ageless pagan, who takes her pleasure where she will, without fear and without self-reproach. Vendred, a man of some inherited means, leading the life of a blameless man about town, falls in love with this siren's profile at a concert. Presently he discovers that she is herself a singer of high quality, but married to a soldier of fortune, and choosing, for some never-explained reason, to live shabbily and hand-to-mouth with him, rather than to take the fame and wealth which await her as a professional singer. Captain Dover is a man of schemes, always with a good thing to propose for unwary investors, hanging upon the outskirts of London society, and in some measure tolerated. Of this household Vendred in due time becomes, out of good nature, the chief support; and in the end his good nature is carried to the point of marrying the insignificant daughter of the house, which clinches his position of provider for the whole tribe. The little wife loves him, and is more than worthy of him, but her mother is by no means done with him. She has conceived one of her earthy passions for him, and easily annexes him as a lover when her chosen moment comes. So the flabby fellow goes about his two-faced business, falling deeper and deeper into the slough of his relation to his wife's mother, till the inevitable reaction comes. But meanwhile the wife has been sacrificed, and her broken heart finds its quietus. Vendred feels pretty sick about it, and we are to gather that he will go on feeling sick about it for the rest of his life—if that matters. As for the siren, she is not pictured as desperate or remorse-stricken. Her captain and her lover having left her at a loose end, she readily finds other fish to fry, and our last glimpse of her is in a rôle sufficiently preposterous, but by no means unhappy. The closing page or two of the narrative sums up the acrid humour of the story. Vendred comes upon the woman by chance in Italy, as the wife of a fat third-rate musician. She says to Vendred, "Poor Paul, how we plundered you!" He says that was nothing, he would go through it all again "if only the good hours would come back. You see you filled my life—you were all my life to me." Then he says he is on his way to Paris to put some flowers on his wife's grave. "Poor little Louise," she said. "What a goose to throw herself away like that! But she was a good little thing."

One Year of Pierrot, which is unsigned, is also as nearly dateless as may be. This is frankly a book of feminine sentiment untinctured by modernity. The chronicler is supposed to be a little French girl-widow who, after her husband's death, is restored to interest in life by the birth of a son. We behold with her the world revolving, during his single year of life, about the matchless Pierrot. To all the world he brings content and inspiration. The place is Beaulieu, the chief persons are sundry typical village characters suitably coloured for their several parts in the particular action: a cowardly *gendarme,* a chivalrous brigand, a shrew with gold insides, and others of higher degree, all of whom desire or worship Pierrot. In the foreground is Mr. Jack Martin, a rich American artist with a hidden sorrow. He takes charge of the forlorn little mother after Pierrot's birth, and sets the two upon a sort of throne in his establishment. If any bachelor ever doted on the child of a stranger as Mr. Jack dotes on Pierrot, we have never chanced to see or hear of him. Men who like to fondle babies a few days old are rare, even when such fondness, from the feminine point of view, might rightly be looked for. However, Mr. Jack does, quarrelling with the mother for the privilege of walking the floor with him! In return,

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the admirable Pierrot takes Mr. Jack's happiness into his hands, sees to it that his sore heart is soothed, and duly does his share toward bringing about his winning of the nervous American girl who has feared marriage. Then Pierrot dies, rather needlessly, it seems, unless for the purpose of putting his mother's brave optimism to the final test. It is she, of course, who is the real centre of the story. To her belong the sweetness, the courage, the faith and generous spirit which she quaintly imputes to her baby son. Primarily, in short, she is a woman of heart, as her Mr. Jack is what used to be called a "man of feeling." It is a book which no reader should open who is not prepared to shed the tears of sensibility.

From this feminine kind of thing, ancient or modern, we may turn with some sense of relief to a book or two of purely masculine character. The late Jack London could not have understood a book like *One Year of Pierrot* or a man like Mr. Jack Martin. He was the type of man whom babies bored and embarrassed, but, by a familiar paradox of the male nature, he had no end of sentiment to bestow on dogs. *Jerry of the Islands* is in its way as full of sensibility as *Pierrot*. And it is Jerry as a baby dog whose adventures and nursery education we see this writer of "red blood" following with tender and absorbed gaze. The story, says the Foreword, is told from nature. "The adventures of my dog hero in this novel are real adventures in a real cannibal world," asserts the chronicler. Now we do not doubt that Jerry had a model, or that all the business in the book about the head-hunters and their exploits is based on fact. But there is one element in Jerry's education for which no evidence is offered—his learning, under the tutelage of a blind old savage, a "shorthand vocabulary" of practical utility. "Jerry, by an alteration in the quality and quantity of his whuff, would tell Nalasu that he did not hear; next, that he did hear; and, perhaps finally, that it was a strange dog, or a woods rat, or a man, or a boy—all in the softest of sounds that were scarcely more than breath-exhalations, all monosyllables, a veritable shorthand of speech." Nor was this all. The old islander was threatened by enemies, and Jerry was trained to scout. The old man would give him instructions to go upon a particular beat, "all of which Jerry would carry out to the letter, and, arrived back, would make report. As thus: at the nest nothing unusual save that a buzzard was near it; in the other clearing three cocoanuts had fallen to the ground—for Jerry could count unerringly up to five; between the other clearing and the main path were four pigs; along the main path he had passed a dog, more than five women, and two children; and on the small path home he had noted a cockatoo and two boys." When at last Jerry is restored to civilised company, he finds no one to understand this speech, and is greatly troubled thereby! Clearly, he is a superdog, even as Pierrot is a superbaby; and we may as well take the baby's mother's word for it as that of the dog's inventor. Jerry and his tale are more plainly fiction than that great dog story, *The Call of the Wild;* but what a story-teller this man was!

The Shadow Line is as characteristic in setting and atmosphere as anything Mr. Conrad has done. Again the real "hero," the dominant personality of the story, is the sea, with its mystery and glamour, its beauty and strength and lurking terror. Again we are convoyed into a sphere of dim but unescapable enchantment, a sea-realm as full of haunting magic as that which another ancient mariner imposed upon the spellbound wedding guest. In the distance we may be hearing the gay bassoon of peace or the trumpets of war, but for this moment our world is here. The subtitle, "A Confession," may lead us to surmise that the tale may be bound with special closeness to Mr. Conrad's own experience. His "shadow line" is that vague boundary seen ahead by every one at the appointed time, "warning one that the region of early youth, too, must be left behind." His instance is that of a young officer who for no sensible reason leaves his

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comfortable berth on a comfortable ship in an Eastern port. He means to go "home" to England, for what object he does not know; some strange uneasiness drives him. But before he leaves the neighbourhood of the port, chance throws in his way that dream of the young seaman, "a command," a ship of some tonnage which has lost its master, and must be taken charge of at once. Going aboard, the new skipper finds the ship a beauty and well-manned, but haunted. The former captain, it seems, has gone off his head just before his death, and has planned his best that the ship and her crew shall make an end with him. The mate, who is still with the ship, has prevented this, but is oppressed with fear of his old skipper's vengeance, fancies him lying in wait for them at the spot where his body was dropped overboard. The ship clears land, but from the beginning ill luck attends her. There is no wind for weeks, the crew fall sick of malignant fever, by degrees the young captain, who remains well, falls helplessly under the evil spell. Then come tempests; the pumps have to be manned by half-dead men. It is the mate who finally staggers on deck and breaks the spell by bursting into wild, defiant laughter. From that moment, at least, the wind blows hard and true, and by a miracle of skill and endurance the two or three hands left with some strength still in them bring the ship to port. But the skipper has crossed the shadow line: his youth is past. The tale is told without that intricacy which we have come to brace ourselves for in Mr. Conrad's work; it is all perfectly simple and straightforward, and the more effective for it.

Mr. Kipling's last collection of stories, *Action and Reaction,* was published in 1909. But for two or three tales in the present volume, written since the beginning of the war, we find the same kind of material here, treated in much the same way. Apparently the writer has arrived at his permanent manner, and pretty well covered his possible range. "As Easy as ABC" recalls "With the Night Mail." The time is the year 2065, the occasion a revolt by "the District of Northern Illinois" against the authority of the "Aerial Board of Control" which was described in "With the Night Mail" as "that semi-elected, semi-nominated body of a few score persons, which controls the planet. . . . Practically, the ABC confirms or annuls all international arrangements and, to judge from its last report, finds our tolerant, humourous, lazy little planet only too ready to shift the whole burden of public administration on its shoulders." But now, half a century later, an American "District" rebels, and is punished, by new electrical means of offence, which Mr. Kipling enfolds, as usual, in a vast deal of quasi-technical jargon. There follow a story or two of English country life, bringing out the contrast which Mr. Kipling loves between the country gentleman and the yokel whose roots are deeper in the soil; a story or two touching on the "psychical"; a dog story, a school story, two sketches of army life (the antebellum army of England and India); and, finally, two stories inspired directly by the War, in which the author focuses England's resentment against Germany upon the matter of her barbarous slaughter of the innocents, both in Belgium, and by means of air-raids over England. "Mary Postgate," the second of these stories, in the deep feeling which underlies its grim restraint of manner, and in its vivid projection of a single experience as embodying the whole matter, is a narrative of extraordinary power. But it embodies the brutal gospel of retaliation as well as the healing gospel of pity and terror; and we could have wished the verse which caps it, with its refrain "When the English began to hate," might not have been. But, alas, we in America may be able to understand that mood better a year from now!

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DICKINSON'S "THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA OF ENGLAND"*

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

The Contemporary Drama of England is a book of quite extraordinary merit. It presents compactly all of the essential facts in the history of the English drama for the last hundred years; and these facts are patterned and proportioned with a nice sense of their comparative importance. But Mr. Dickinson is more than a mere historian. He is also a critic; and his criticism shows the exceedingly uncommon quality of common sense.

Nobody would guess from this book that the author is a professor of literature in the University of Wisconsin. He writes about the drama as if he had been brought up in the theatre. He knows—what very few professors ever learn—that the history of the drama is almost indistinguishably correlated with the history of the stage; and he never makes the mistake of judging plays as compositions written to be read. Mr. Dickinson has written one or two plays, and has helped to produce several others; and this practical experience has given him a proper understanding of the exigencies of the theatre.

For this reason, he avoids the pitfalls that usually beset the path of academic critics of the drama. His judgments are singularly sane. He does not overestimate the dramaturgic merit of the plays of Bernard Shaw, merely because they have been printed and bound to look like books and equipped with literary stage-directions and more literary prefaces. He does not consider John Galsworthy a dramatist of the first rank, merely because none of his plays has ever succeeded in the English theatre. And he does not ignore Sir James Barrie, merely bcause the majority of his masterpieces remain as yet unprinted.

It is refreshing to read a book about the recent English drama in which due homage is accorded to Sir Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. Pinero once said, in conversation with the present commentator, "If ever you write a history of the modern English drama, be fair to Tom Robertson: if it hadn't been for Robertson, I could never have done what I have done." Mr. Dickinson "has been fair to Tom Robertson"; and he has been even more scrupulously just in recognising the importance of the work of the two more sturdy pioneers who followed Robertson, and went beyond him, and made the modern English drama possible. Mr. Dickinson says, in his chapter on Shaw, "By some Shaw has been given credit for creating the modern English theatre. Far from building the modern English theatre, Shaw would not exist as a dramatist but for the building that others had done before him, work which he adopted and turned to his own purposes."

Mr. Dickinson ranks Pinero as the ablest of all living English playwrights and regards Henry Arthur Jones as an honourable second. It is thus that these great craftsmen have always been considered by critics well acquainted with the theatre; but to find this traditional judgment reaffirmed by a college professor is a matter for agreeable surprise. Mr. Dickinson says at the close of his chapter on Pinero, "While Pinero has received the rewards of his work, it is doubtful whether our own times can estimate his position. Naturally there has been some disposition to depreciate his services as well as those of Henry Ar-

*The Contemporary Drama of England. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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thur Jones. That will not be the disposition of the future critic. It is more likely that Pinero will be hailed as one of the first masters of the technique of English comedy. He has shown command over more varieties of dramatic form than any other English dramatist. As in the case of Jones, most of Pinero's work was done before 1900. Even the noisy claims of his successors only throw into clearer light the record of his achievement."

But the whole book is just as well-informed and sensible as this. Seldom does Mr. Dickinson give voice to an opinion with which the present reviewer would choose to differ. Perhaps he under-estimates *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Hindle Wakes;* perhaps he over-estimates the plays of Granville Barker; perhaps he does not fully recognise the greatness of *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire.* But these are minor matters. The abiding impression afforded by the book is an impression of continuous agreement.

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THE INEVITABLE ADVENTURE

I CAME to New York because I could not help it. Mrs. Mamie knew.

I never suspected it of Mrs. Mamie, back there in the little Iowa town where I was born. She was just the very *business-like, slightly hectic* woman who arrived one day as the unexplained wife of our middle-aged, dreaming florist. We knew vaguely that she had lived in New York. I have an idea that the local gossips were inclined to purse their lips over the speculation as to her possible antecedents, but I did not pay any attention to that. I did not notice her particularly. She must be over fifty; and I will not see that age for a long time. Then when the little twice-a-week paper announced that I had gone to New York, she wrote me a letter. It shocked me; as the realisation that these older ones have also had their youth always shocks the new generation.

"Dear Boy," she wrote. "I am very glad that you have embarked on the inevitable adventure. I knew it was coming. Every now and then a boy or girl is born who is destined for the big city. I could tell it by the look in your eyes. Unless you are luckier than most you have some rough going ahead. But it's worth it. I just thought it might help a little for you to know that one who has been through the mill is with you, strong. You keep right on, wherever those dreams say go. I'm an old fool. Good luck, boy."

Her letter was forwarded to my little furnished room on Fourth Street. As I read it, all at once I saw a new Mrs. Mamie, who had been hidden from me before. A dozen little things which I remembered now told me of the wistfulness that she hid behind the hard surface which the city had given her. Mrs. Mamie knew. What is her story, I wonder? Somehow I know she will not write it for me; but when I go back to Iowa I must learn it all. Yes, when I go back. But now, I glory in confessing it, I am afraid to leave my city for so much as a day. I am almost *afraid to go to sleep at night, for fear* in the morning it will not be there. I might wake in the morning and find only the drowsy little town, with its twin rows of rails stretching out beyond the hills.

My city, I say. I have a right to say it. Does the sight of the Washington Arch bring a lump to *your* throat, because it is the portal to Greenwich Village? When you see the sun shining on the Woolworth tower do your dreams soar up higher even than that lofty pinnacle? Does the vista of Broadway north of Times Square at after-theatre time make you drunk? If not, then you do not know my city, and you have no right to sneer. Oh, I know that pose of weary sophistication which New York gives to most of you, sooner or later. But I will choose my own pose, if you please. That is why I live in Greenwich Village. You will find a wide choice of poses in the Village, and that bored one, thank Heaven, is not quite the thing down here. If you others choose to be bored, go your way. There are plenty of us who do not. We do not even care whether you smile at the pretty little comedy we are playing: the ancient comedy of Youth and the City; with Mlle. Art the heroine, old Gaffer Poverty the villain, setting and scenery by the wizard o' dreams.

My part? I am the young man who writes. He is always there in the play; a comic figure, his ink-stained fingers holding a huge manuscript before the cynical gaze of the heartless editor. That particular scene, however, is only a theatrical convention. As a matter of fact, the editors are mostly a kindly and long-suffering lot. Let us look over

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the little red book and see what they have done for me this month.

First item: Six dollars from the editor of that most disreputable of all the cheaper fiction magazines. Publication in this magazine, I am fond of saying, marks the lowest depths. But that is a lie. This editor may have a fondness for sex and blood; but he knows a good plot when he sees it, and he will print a realistic story that other editors would use if they dared. All hail to him.

Second item: Twenty-five dollars for a fearful and wonderful plot-story, written all complete one night between eleven and three. The editor who took this one is a thorough gentleman, who treats the worst of us with unfailing courtesy. But he must have Plot, with a capital P.

Third item: Seven dollars and a half for a whimsical sketch from an editor who wishes he could pay more. So do I.

Fourth item: Forty-five dollars for a tale in the O. Henry vein, from the best of all editors—the one who first encouraged me. May Allah watch over all his days.

That is all for this month: total $83.50. The month before it was nearly twice that, on account of a lucky idea for a series of articles. So it goes. I manage to pay the room rent, and have a comfortable surplus left over which enables me to be quite lordly and generous with the waiters when they bring my restaurant cheque. What more could one ask?

Yes, there are two unpublished novels in my trunk. There are also many stories gone into the discard, mingled with a collection of plays, verse, scholarly articles, humourous sketches—I have tried them all. Less than one-fifth of what I write is sold; but that one-fifth has kept me going so far. And to-morrow—why to-morrow morning the mail man may bring the word that means real success. No other business holds such a gamble since treasure-hunting on the Spanish Main went out of fashion. It is the most exciting game in the world.

What other profession can have half the fascination of that of the writer? No capital is required. That gives us the advantage over the business man. There are no limitations of territory. The young professional man's opportunity is bounded by his local field, and he cannot hope at first to bring his ability to the attention of the employers whose favour will mean fame and fortune. Yet the youngest and most inexperienced writer can submit his wares to the greatest publications, in direct competition with those at the top of the profession.

What a stimulation that competition is! Every writer of English in all the world has practically the same chance that you have, and you have the same chance as he. When you succeed, it comes as a personal victory over thousands and thousands of competitors, who send in their work from every place where the English language is known. When you fail, that same fact is your consolation. Of course the "big names," the writers who have already arrived, have an advantage, even when their stuff is no better than yours. Why not? That is their reward for success. You may have a reputation and a sure market yourself some time. And there is no bar against you. The editors do read your manuscripts. I know, because they write me often, even when I fall far short of meeting their needs.

But, you ask, if all this be true, why was it necessary to go to New York? Can you not submit your wares from the smallest country cross-roads? Why was the metropolis your inevitable adventure? The answer is that what I have said with regard to the business of writing applies in general to everyone who writes for the market. The adventure is inevitable for only one class of writers, the special class for which I am trying to speak. Many of the others may be better off away from the city. Some are in the field only as an avocation, and gain their livelihood from another source. These, of course, must stay where their vocation is. The

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work of others is the special interpretation of certain sections of the country, and their success demands that they keep away from New York.

But I am speaking for the youth, both men and women, to whom writing is not so much a profession as an adventure. I am speaking for the dreamers who cherish the dear hope that out of the material of their dreams they may spin a fabric that can be sold in the market-place for enough to enable them to live while they are playing their part in the drama that life is to them. To these the city calls with a voice that may not be denied. I will tell you some of the reasons why.

Our work is the interpretation of the drama of human life. The city—and of all cities on this continent New York preëminently—is the point of focus where that drama reaches its crisis. Is it not there that we belong? I go to the top of the Woolworth tower, and look at the great harbour where the ships come in. From war-torn Europe, from the islands of the south seas, from all over the world they come, bringing life and the things from which life feeds and clothes itself. I stop on the Manhattan side of Brooklyn Bridge, and thrill to the sight of the great temples which men have built to commerce. Life rearing its challenge to the vacant skies.

I walk over to the teeming East Side. There is misery and squalour; but that is not all I see. There is the vague promise of what may come from the great experiment of mingling the races under one flag. And the impression I carry away is not that of squalour and misery, but that of immense vitality, a seething mass of life, struggling upward toward the light. What a variety of schools and libraries and civic centres are on almost every block! Surely the means of bringing self-consciousness to the multitude were never so numerous or so well organised as here. Something big is brewing here; something new and hopeful is struggling toward expression in the melting pot. The very air is dramatic with that promise. Will it come within my generation? I must watch it, day after day.

Then I go back to Greenwich Village—to the intimate, crooked streets, the quaint little shops, the sense of youth everywhere, the happy-go-lucky restaurants. That, too, will bear watching.

Every week the Village flocks to a new restaurant, no one knows why. And the tourists and newspaper reporters and all the Philistines who would spy out Bohemia are always two or three weeks behind. The Village has been very good to me. Where are the "free lunches" so generous or the bartenders so good-natured as on Sixth Avenue? Where can such wonderful coffee and rolls be had so cheap as in the little pastry shop where all the Village breakfasts? Where can table d'hote dinners be found so varied and inexpensive? And where, on the other hand, are the ogre-like landladies, forever demanding the overdue rent, which we have been taught to expect? I have not found them. Mine is the most generous and sympathetic soul alive, and she never, never mentions the rent until my conscience forces me to mention it myself. You do not believe that? Well, it is true. Where else are friends made so easily? Every new acquaintance I make has a "little group of terribly interesting people," whom I simply must meet. And we do meet; and there is much talk, and everybody who does not live in the Village is pitied at length.

Then I go home to my bedroom; and before my eyes in the darkness a panorama of all I have seen during the day passes by. The harbour, the downtown skyscrapers, the dramatic East Side, the friendly Village—all troop by. I make for myself a time-machine, such as Wells imagined, and go back to the beginning of our world, and see the whole pageant of life emerging from chaos. I follow that little bit of sentient slime that crawled out of the palæozoic sea up through the ages, until

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it reaches the present, and lives in the men who wrought the miracle that is Manhattan. And I know it will not stop with us, but that it will go on and on into a future that defeats our imagination. Life—life, dominating the earth.

It is the work of us who feel the urge of creative art to try to interpret that life-force to itself, to help it grow more conscious and purposeful. If it is given to me to see clearly enough to do this, even in the smallest measure, that will be enough to have lived for. And while I am trying to do that, this seething focus of life is where I belong. That is my sober justification. But it was not that that Mrs. Mamie knew I was dreaming of, back there in Iowa. No, there is something else. There is something in the blood of every man and maid who aspires toward any of the seven arts that calls out for the beautiful country of Bohemia.

Now I know I am treading with rash confidence on very treacherous ground. But Bohemia is here. In spite of all the jibes of professional cynics, in spite of all the surface sham that the outside observer sees, it is here. It has been the fashion recently for some of the metropolitan journalists, and certain of the cheaper novelists, to seize on Greenwich Village's "material." They visit here in the same spirit that the tourist visits Chinatown on a sightseeing car. And then—behold, says the reporter, my vast sophistication. I have visited Bohemia, and find it is a fraud. It is a thing of pose and shams. Its restaurants are greasy and ill-smelling; its inhabitants are deluded rustics on a spree; and the poets, artists and writers of fiction who have been storied as Bohemians, these, he says, are commercial-minded business people like himself, who live commonplacely in the suburbs.

Well, so far as they themselves are concerned, these "little folk of little soul" are right. There is no Bohemia for them. They cannot find it, though they tread the pavements of the Village until their feet are tired. The reason for this is found in a saying that is very old and trite. But it is worth saying again, lest wistful youth believe the lie that the beautiful country does not exist. Bohemia is a state of mind. When enough so minded are gathered together, there is Bohemia, and the properties do not matter. We rather like the conventional properties here in the Village, and take some pains to create them. But it is not that which makes it Bohemia. It is the fact that here are gathered together the young people from all over America whose eyes have seen the vision of the beautiful city of Prague.

You dreamer, in your little country town, doubt not. Bohemia is your heritage; and some day you will come here, and we will spread its tables before you. You singer of songs that nobody hears, do not be discouraged. There is a place for you here, and you will yet find that it is Bohemia which makes the hard road easier for the restless feet of youth. You wistful-eyed girl, puttering with brushes—all of you; know they cannot take Bohemia from you, for it is here, and we are keeping it for you. And those others, who cannot see; may their fat gods be merciful to them.

Tony! The special wine to-night. I will drink to Mrs. Mamie. She knew.

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A CHILDREN'S SCIENTIST

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK

THE entomologist Fabre, in one of his characteristic flings against the fellow-scientists who accused his books of being too interesting, or, as he put it, "feared lest a page that is read without fatigue should not always be the expression of the truth," remarked:

> You rip up the animal and I study it alive; you turn it into an object of horror and pity, whereas I cause it to be loved; you labour in a torture-chamber and dissecting room, I make my observation under the blue sky to the song of the cicadas; you subject cell and protoplasm to chemical tests, I study instinct in its loftiest manifestations; you pry into death, I pry into life . . . *I write above all for the young.* I want to make them love the natural history which you make them hate; and that is why, while keeping strictly in the domain of truth, I avoid your scientific prose, which, too often, alas, seems borrowed from some Iroquois idiom.

The italics are the present writer's. *"I write above all for the young."* They call attention to a phase of Fabre's work which has not been much dwelt upon: its singular availability for children. It seems that the recipe for fairy tales was lost some time during the Middle Ages. We are not simple enough or savage enough now to write them. There is a general softening and sweetening noticeable in children's literature, due probably to the over-acute sensibilities of their elders. If it were not for the admirably robust taste of the children themselves, fairy tales might have gone out as the "Dotty Dimple" books came in. However, they have not; the children call for them; but as there are no new ones, the old ones are printed again and again.

Fabre is the only modern writer I can think of whose work has the simple and grim flavour of a fairy tale. It is full of ogres, princesses, Sleeping Beauties, Jack the Giant-killers, stupid giants, enterprising dwarfs and prismatic, winged fairies. It has the undercurrent of inevitableness of fairy stories. You never think of asking "why?". It has to be that way. The adventures of his subjects are exciting and enchanting—nothing sloppy or sentimental about them—plenty of fighting, as well as delightful baby stories and happy endings. So much, in general, for the story part; it is not very hard to perceive the educational value of his writings for children. Again I quote the master-scientist himself:

> What beautiful and useful knowledge the teaching of natural history might put into childish hands, if only science would consider the very young; if our barracks of universities would only combine the lifeless study of books with the living study of the fields; if only the red tape of the curriculum, so dear to bureaucrats, would not strangle all willing initiative. Little Paul and I will study as much as possible in the open country, among the rosemary bushes and arbutus; we shall find the true and the beautiful better than in school-books.

There is a delightful conjunction of Fabre's children with his scientific life indicated in his essays. He called on them for all sorts of help. Daughter Aglae (delicious name) climbs a ladder to observe from a stone wall the exact moment of the Bees' return to the nest; little Paul, breathless with excitement, postpones his dinner to watch the scores of Great Peacock Moths arriving from miles around, mysteriously drawn by the presence of the solitary female in the scientist's laboratory; Fabre's whole family are sad and mutely reproach him at supper because the little bird he had

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caused to be bitten by a Spider had succumbed to the poison. He frequently speaks of the children accompanying him on expeditions where their young eyes are the first to detect the particular insect-dwelling he is searching for. A happy and well-educated family, in spite of grinding poverty! There is no reason why young Americans should not share in the engrossing occupations of the Fabre youngsters. The scientist has emerged from the chrysalis condition of mankind; he died a few years ago; but his works, so intimate and so delightful, are accessible, and accessible, sometimes too much so, are the Beetles, Flies, Bees, and others of his heroes and heroines: they are mostly heroines; insects are essentially feminist!

Let us be discreet in the midst of our enthusiasm; it would hardly do to turn the average child loose in Fabre's works. In the first place, he might not find the story amid the wealth of scientific detail; in the second place, if he did find one, it might be unsuitable for his tender years. I wonder how much of the prevailing furore for Fabre is due to the fact that the private lives of insects afford such very *risque* reading! It is really remarkable that the late Anthony Comstock allowed the English translations of the *Souvenirs Entomologiques* to pass unchallenged. Science forever! as Fabre would say, especially when it recounts scandals that the most advanced fiction writers would never dream of inventing. One may be an ardent propagandist of sex-education for children, but one would hardly set the young idea to reading the story of the atrocious Praying Mantis, with her innumerable loves and orgies! No, it is better to edit Fabre rather carefully for children. A teacher or parent of ordinary story-telling power can easily do it. One can lift out gems of tales, as the Tarantula lifts her white-silk bag of eggs free from the encumbering débris.

At random, a Fabre enthusiast would call to mind the parental cares of the Tumble-bugs or Dung-beetles, with the episode of the Robber Beetle of this species, who, under pretence of helping roll the precious ball of food, wrests it from the lawful owner; of the romantic courting of the Great Peacock Moths; many stories of the Bees and Wasps, and particularly one of the Grandmother Bee who guards the portal of her grandchildren, the sleeping nymphs. The Wasps and other big-game hunters and their David and Goliath-like battles with the caterpillars, their cleverness in paralysing by a single stab in a particular nerve centre in the back of the neck, are good story stuff. Of a milder and more peaceful nature, better suited, perhaps, to little girls (are there little girls nowadays, or only little boys in reluctant petticoats?) is the tale of that tailoring genius, the Leaf-cutting Bee. The Slave-hunting Ants are delightfully wicked; they remind one of the Germans. There is a charming story about a Cat finding its way home. I do not think a Cat is an insect, but the chapter is included in the *Souvenirs Entomologiques*. There are some reminiscences of the author's childhood in the *Life of the Fly* which could not help interesting children.

Better than all, I like the tales of the Spiders. The Tarantula who lies in wait for her prey in her donjon tower, her eight eyes gleaming like diamonds in the darkness; the Spider who carries her youngsters on her back, a living cloak; the Spiderlings who lunch off a ray of sunshine; those who begin their worldly career in tiny flying-machines; others still who sleep under a coverlet of softest satin and down, quilted by their devoted mother, who "gently lets herself die, hugging her nest and turning into a shrivelled relic": they are all perfectly adorable. (I detest Spiders in real life, but I was never caught young with these tales of Fabre's.)

Some selfish grown-ups may conceivably object that this reading would induce children to live on terms of too great intimacy with Beetles and Spiders and other undesirable folk. Such a result is possible, but not probable. One

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is born a Fabre, not made one by reading him. Far too many children will be content to take Fabre's stories on hearsay. Even so, their mental horizon will be profitably broadened. When a child is influenced to take the study of natural history seriously, the gain to him more than makes up for a trifle of inconvenience to the rest of the family. To what peaks of Darien might not such research, begun early, bring the next generation? As Maeterlinck, a satisfactory apologist for the insect, has expressed it: "Petty truths, I shall be told, those presented by the habits of a spider or a grasshopper. There are no petty truths to-day; there is but one truth, whose looking-glass, to our uncertain eyes, seems broken, though its every fragment, whether reflecting the evolution of a planet or the flight of a bee, contains the supreme law."

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THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

LUDINGTON, MICH.,
April 23, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

A careful reading of the article by the Countess of Warwick in the April BOOKMAN, in which the writer rejects the well-meaning finite God of H. G. Wells and argues for the sterner and more powerful Jehovah of the Old Testament, has failed to convince me that the latter conception is a very decided improvement. Mr. Wells's God has good intentions, without the ability to enforce them. But Jehovah, while powerful enough at times, was altogether too cruel and relentless. There ought to be some way to combine infinite goodness with infinite power.

Your readers may be interested in the solution of the problem proposed by the rationalists. In the rationalist religion *nature* is regarded as the supreme being, and God is looked upon as a mythical being, similar to Zeus, Mars and Odin, and as representing, like these, a conception of the world that has been outgrown. This may at first sound like atheism, but it is not so in the offensive sense, for it sees in the God idea much good, and uses the term "nature" only because it is found to be more comprehensive and inspiring.

It may be asked, Why not change the idea of God to meet the requirements of present needs? But the difficulty is, God is too exclusively masculine and too decidedly monarchical. Then, too, it will be found the term, if employed, inevitably draws in with it a group of other more or less mythical ideas—the only-begotten Son, Heaven and Hell, Satan, and others. These add to the confusion and make a clear and effective system impossible.

It is often contended that nature is unmoral and knows nothing of right and wrong, but this is incorrect, as all the great scientists now realise. The fundamentals of morality existed among the lower animals before mankind appeared; and the normal, which from the inner side is the moral, is observed throughout the universe. Nor can it be said that nature lacks personality. Nature includes mankind and all other living beings; it is therefore the source of personality and must be partly personal in its essence. It has an advantage over the God idea in this respect in being feminine no less than masculine. Understood in its full significance nature contains all the other great principles—truth, justice, sympathy, beauty, power, and, most inspiring of all, evolution; and evolution in the life of humanity means progress, hope, civilisation, and, in the best sense of the words, eternal life.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
April 26, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I am convinced that Edwin Arlington Robinson wrote "Genevieve and Alexandra," which appears in *The Masque of Poets* for May. I don't believe I could ever mistake his style. Am I right?

EDWIN C. RANCK.

ORANGE, CAL.,
March 20, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

In the *Literary Digest* for March 17th I see that readers are invited to write you their guesses as to the authorship of the exquisite poem "The Return of Jeanne d'Arc." I think the author is Bliss Carman.

ANNA C. FIELD.

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NEW YORK,
March 14, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Only quite lately my attention was called to an article in the November number of THE BOOKMAN, entitled "Lady Doctoresses of the Nineteenth Century," one of a series of articles under the general pleasing caption "The Pap We Have Been Fed On." Therein I discovered to my amazement that certain pages of my novelette *Helen Brent, M.D.*, which I had supposed to be irony of a quite obvious kind, has been taken seriously by the author of the article, Miss Edna Kenton. Indeed, where I had hitherto fondly supposed that all the world must realise that I was poking fun at the contemporary notions concerning women doctors (at least I have never been accused of employing the hideous and tautological term "lady doctoress"), my words are solemnly held up as documentary evidence that even the authors of those benighted days, authors so bold as to take strong-minded females for their heroines, bore an apologetic and cringing air to their readers.

I quote from the article: "'To look at her,' says the author apologetically and pridefully, 'you would never suspect she was guilty of having graduated from a co-educational college, as having served as the only woman interne in the Fudge Hospital, of having gone to Germany alone and braved the medical lions in their dens . . . of having performed difficult gynecological operations that required nerve, coolness, daring, skill, a steady hand and a delicate one; and after which she had never been known either to faint or go into hysterics, as in the past Dr. Manning had prophesied would be the conduct of the woman physician. . . . She was a very amiable, handsome woman, surely not passed thirty, and very tastefully and quietly dressed,'" my critic continues to quote resentfully.

Miss Kenton seems to think that I described my Dr. Helen as conventionally as possible to get a hearing at all! I am afraid that she does not believe very strongly in the well-dressed professional woman! For all the satisfaction that I have taken in the fact that she has pointed out that my story antedated Brieux's *Damaged Goods*, nevertheless it is a little trying to have such palpable satire as this entirely overlooked. I quote now from *Helen Brent, M.D.*, only a page beyond where Miss Kenton saw fit to stop:

"Why is it that newspaper reporters always go into the details of a woman's dress, whether at a suffrage caucus or a prayer meeting? Just fancy the papers containing an account of a costume worn by Grover Cleveland when he delivers an address on some auspicious occasion! Fancy having the mind distracted by the colour of his necktie or the check of his trousers! And yet let his wife show herself for a moment and her dress is pounced upon, every detail is seized and we are regaled the following day by a wonderful description of the handsomest and most tasteful costume she has yet *worn*!"

Miss Kenton is quite scathing in her condemnation of my ending: "Alas," says she, "the latter state of Harold is more noxious than the first." Perhaps my closing sentence bears some remote resemblance to "pap," although I confess I should be more apt to think of a stickier substance, but I can plead in extenuation that "a broken Harold, a suppliant, hat off, eyes lowered, kneeling in the dust," was not my own Harold at all, at least not the Harold of my first ending. But I was very young, and alas! the breath of publication seemed sweet in my nostrils, and when dear Miss Gilder, excellent counsellor, but most sentimental of spinsters, simply refused to recommend it to the firm she read for unless I wrote a happy ending, the temptation was too great for me and I fell.

Well, there is some solace in being remembered at all after twenty-four years, even if only to be held up to ridicule.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

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LAWRENCE, KANS.,
April 28, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Mr. Buchanan, in his article on the "National Music Fallacy," contends that nationalism cannot be expressed in music. But who can deny that the characteristics of the inhabitants of a country and the natural environment have a decided effect upon the art produced there? The oppression of the Russian aristocracy upon the peasants has led to a feeling of sadness and agony, which is characteristic of the great mass of Russian music. In Poland the emotion is a different kind of sadness—one which has arisen and remained in the hearts of the Polish people ever since their beloved nation was torn to pieces by aggressive powers more than a century ago. The Polish pianist, Paderewski, contends that even the *tempo rubato,* so extensively used by his fellow-countryman, Chopin, was a national characteristic of Polish music. In Grieg's music is represented the Northland, with its long winters, its pine forests, and its rugged mountains and fiords. In the music of the Indian is seen the warlike spirit and barbaric characteristics of that particular race.

If these are not national characteristics, what would one call them? And how can an artist produce a work without being influenced by the environment within which he has grown up? Of course, the ability to appreciate such works of art cannot be restricted to the inhabitants of that country alone, since instincts and emotions are identical throughout the entire human race.

Mr. Buchanan further attempts to prove his point by declaring that compositions that tend toward national expression are not generally regarded as being of the highest type of music. I am afraid that he will not have much following in his contention that Chopin's sentimental preludes and etudes are of higher merit than his stirring polonaises. Does he not also overestimate Tschaikowsky's *Romeo and Juliet?* Some sections of this work are certainly of very great value, but, taken as a whole, I would even prefer his *Marche Slave,* one of the "most Russian" of Russian pieces.

F. LEROY SPANGLER.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.,
March 19, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

As a fairly conservative Christian minister, I should no doubt find Mr. Moore's recent book, reviewed, or, rather, criticised, in the March number of THE BOOKMAN, detestable. It is only fair to Mr. Moore, however, to say that at two points he is right, and his critic, Mr. Archie Bell, is wrong.

"Before Jordan," as the two most recent Bible dictionaries of importance agree in saying, means East of the Jordan, the ancients, before the days of the mariner's compass, having placed the East, rather than the North, at the top of the map. The Bible dictionaries that I refer to are Hastings' and the International Standard.

As to the statement that mules are not, and were not, known in Judea or Galilee, it may be said that the International gives a list of about fifteen passages in the Old Testament and the Apocrypha in which they are mentioned. I have myself seen droves of them in Galilee, on their way to the markets, and much finer specimens than I have ever seen in this country. I am quite sure, also, that a troop of Turkish cavalry that I saw on the East of the Jordan was mounted on mules.

ROBERT BARBOUR.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Biography

The Lord Kitchener Memorial Book. Edited by Sir Hedley Le Bas. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated and with photographs. $2.50.

A record in speech and picture of the events in the life of Lord Kitchener.

Virgil C. Hart: Missionary Statesman. By E. I. Hart, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. With photographs. $1.50.

A son's personal record of the founder of the American and Canadian Missions in Central and West China.

Lord Kitchener: His Work and His Prestige. By Henry D. Davray. With a prefatory letter by S. E. Monsieur Paul Cambon, Ambassador of the French Republic. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Adelphi Terrace.

English translation first published in 1917; sixty-six pages and appendix.

George Edward Woodberry: A Study of His Poetry. By Louis V. Ledoux. Cambridge: The Poetry Review Company. Portrait. $1.00.

A biography and critical estimate of his works of poetry, with bibliography.

Lloyd George: The Man and His Work. By Frank Dilnot. New York: Harper & Brothers. Portrait. $1.00.

The life story of the man who rose from a village boy to be the Premier of England, written by one who has known him personally for years.

A Life of Henry D. Thoreau. By Frank B. Sanborn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

Biography by the last surviving member of the Concord group, containing partially new material, Thoreau's college essays, and Minnesota note-book.

Will Carleton. By A. Elwood Corning. New York: The Lanmere Publishing Company. With Frontispiece. $1.00.

A biographical study in one hundred pages.

The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne. By Edmond Gosse, C.B. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $3.50.

In nine chapters with appendices.

The Life of Robert Hare. By Edgar Fahs Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. A portrait and four doubletones.

A five-hundred page biography of the American chemist.

Domestic Science

The Livable House: Its Plan and Design. By Aymar Embury II, Architect. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. One hundred full-page photographs. $2.50.

For those who are planning to build.

Its Garden. The Livable House Series. By Ruth Dean, Landscape Architect. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated with one hundred full-page photographs. $2.50.

Five chapters for those interested in the art of gardening.

The Home and its Management. By Mabel Hyde Kittredge. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Three hundred receipts, with details of home organisation and management.

Kitchenette Cookery. By Anna Merritt East. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

The science of modern housekeeping, by the former New Housekeeping Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Drama

Plays by Jacinto Benavente. Translated from the Spanish, with an introduction by John Garrett Underhill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

"The Bonds of Interest," "His Widow's Husband," "La Malquerida" (The Ill-Beloved), "The Evil Doers of Good."

Tristan and Iseult. By Arthur Symons. New York: Brentanos. $1.25.

A play in four acts.

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Portmanteau Plays. By Stuart Walker. Edited and with an introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Four one-act plays by the inventor and director of the Portmanteau Theatre.

The Prince of Parthia: A Tragedy. By Thomas Godfrey. Edited with introduction, historical, biographical, and critical, by Archibald Henderson. Illustrations.

The first edition of the play since its original publication in 1765.

Comedies of Words. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Pierre Loving. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. $1.50.

Five plays by the psychologist and dramatist.

The Witches' Sabbath, Adventure All Series, No. XI. By E. H. W. Meyersaen. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 60 cents.

The play and several shorter poems.

How to Produce Amateur Plays. By Barrett H. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

An attempt to show up diagrams, cuts and concrete examples, how to produce plays in an inexpensive and effective manner.

Economics

Economic Development of Modern Europe. By Frederick Austin Ogg, University of Wisconsin. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Origins, character and effects of economic changes and achievements in Europe during the past three hundred years.

Conditions of Labour in American Industries. By W. Jett Lauck and Edgar Sydensticker. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.75.

Nine chapters on subjects such as "Wages," "Working Hours," "Sanitary Appointments," "The Wage-Earner's Family."

The Principle of Nationalities. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

Conway Memorial Lecture, delivered at South Place Institute on March 8, 1917, Percy Alden, M.P., in the chair.

The Shield. Edited by Maxim Gorky, Leonid Andreyev and Fyodor Sologub. Translated from the Russian by A. Yarmolinsky. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

A discussion of the question of the Jews in Russia by fifteen of Russia's men of letters, publicists and men of science.

State Socialism, Pro and Con. Edited by William English Walling and Harry W. Laidler. With a chapter on Municipal Socialism by Evans Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $2.00.

Official documents and other authoritative selections showing the world-wide replacement of private by governmental industry before and during the war.

Essays

Four Feet on a Fender. By Edward Leigh Pell. New York: E. P. Dutton. $1.00.

Quiet hour talks with women; sixteen chapters.

Creative Criticism. By J. E. Spingarn. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.20.

Four essays on the unity of genius and taste.

What Is Man? and Other Essays. Uniform Edition. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.75.

A collection of sixteen essays.

Is Civilisation a Disease? Barbara Weinstock Lectures on the Morals of Trade. By Stanton Colt. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

One of a series of essays dealing with the various phases of the moral law in its bearing on business life under the new economic order: first delivered at the University of California on the Weinstock foundation.

In Good Company. By Coulson Kernahan. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.

Personal reminiscences of famous people, including Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, Stephen Phillips.

Studies in Pessimism. The Modern Library. By Arthur Schopenhauer. New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc.

Six essays selected from *Parerga*.

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A Confusion of Tongues. By Paul Revere Frothingham. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

Ten essay-sermons dealing with various aspects of life as affected by the German war.

Talks to Young People on Ethics. By Clarence Hall Wilson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fourteen essays from a single point of view, most clearly disclosed in Chapter Five, "The Grand Adventure."

English Essayists. Studies in English Literature Series. By William Hawley Davis, A.M. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.50.

Studies of essayists from Montaigne to Stevenson.

The Commercialisation of Leisure. Present Day Problem Series. By James Peyton Sizer. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents.

An essay giving the author's ideas from a scientific standpoint.

The Looking Glass. By Dr. Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

A great number of essays on a variety of subjects, reflecting the author's optimistic philosophy.

Fruits of the Spirit. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

Fifty-five essays, many of which have appeared in *The Outlook*.

On Falling in Love and Other Matters. By Alfred Turner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Portrait. $1.50.

Twenty-seven essays tracing this subject in the lives and letters of famous men and women, with various other subjects.

Standards. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

Seven essays, some of which are "Measures of Value," "Taste," "The Cause of Art and Letters."

Fiction

The Pastor. By George M. Darley. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

A story having for its theme the difficulty of a minister's position in a community of gossip mongers.

The Shadow Line. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.35.

The story of a young first mate who leaves his youth behind him in the responsibility of a voyage.

The Preacher of Cedar Mountain. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A story of life in the West and of the influence of a woman.

Seen and Heard Before and After 1914. By Mary and Jane Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

Six stories, half of which deal with life in Scotland before the outbreak of the war, and half with the changed life following.

Out of a Clear Sky. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.00.

A love story in which an American hero rescues a Belgian princess lost in the forest.

This Is the End. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

An unexpected story by the author of *I Pose*.

The Second Odd Number. By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Charles Henry White. Introduction by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

Thirteen tales: a companion volume to the Odd Number Series.

Flame and the Shadow-Eater. By Henrietta Weaver. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.40.

Fifteen stories of the Far East of India and Persia.

A Diversity of Creatures. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.50.

A collection of fourteen short stories and as many new Kipling poems.

The Pope's Favourite. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

An historical romance of the Borgias, with a mistress of Alexander VI as heroine.

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In the Land of the Head-Hunters. Indian Life and Indian Lore. By Edward S. Curtis. New York: World Book Company. Illustrated.

A scenario in book form, dealing with the primitive Americans as they lived in the Stone Age.

Over the Border. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A romance of modern Mexico, dealing with love and anarchy.

The Created Legend. By Feodor Sologub. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35.

A Russian story of a small town during the revolution of 1905.

Stranded in Arcady. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35.

A romance of two people who are left in a beautiful wilderness.

Someone and Somebody. By Porter Emerson Browne. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A humourous romance by a satirist of society.

Behind the Thicket. By W. E. B. Henderson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A tragic love-story of a young man who has found out how to make the unseen world of his dreams real and tangible.

The Adventures of a Woman Hobo. By Ethel Lynn, M.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

A woman's story of her adventures with her husband on a "tandem" bicycle.

The Village Shield. Little Schoolmate Series. By Ruth Gaines and Georgia Willis Read. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A story of the inherited civilisation of Mexico.

The Red Planet. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.

A story of war time but not of war—of love and mystery.

The Wheel of Destiny. By Samuel H. Borofsky. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story of love and adventure.

Enchantment. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

The story of a girl who is made hostage by a priest as a pledge for her father's temperance.

The Treolars. By Mary Fisher. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.35.

A satire on American fads.

The Sapphire Story Book. The Jewel Series. Collected, retold and written by Penryhn W. Coussens. New York: Duffield & Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

Thirty-two stories of the sea.

The Livery of Eve. Translated from the original manuscript by F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.50.

A tale of Hindu sorcery in which a king's soul leaves his own handsome body to dwell in the shell of a barber of the town.

The Man in Evening Clothes. By John Reed Scott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.50.

The story of a master criminal in Washington society.

April Folly. By St. John Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

A Victorian story of a young musician's struggle between the artistic temperament and an instinct for conventionality.

Bab: A Sub-Deb. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.40.

A story of a young girl, against a background of society.

The Dark Star. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A tale of romance, adventure, mystery and intrigue brought about by the European war.

The Eternal Husband. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Three stories by the Russian realist: "The Eternal Husband," "The Double," "A Gentle Spirit."

Jean of Greenacres. By Izola L. Forrester. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The story of a country girl in the city.

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Paradise Auction. By Nalbro Bartley. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The search for happiness of a group of people who had spent their childhood together.

The Bracelet of Garnets and Other Stories. By Alexander Kuprin. Translated by Leo Pasvolsky. Introduction by William Lyon Phelps of Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Photograph. $1.35.

Eleven stories of Russian life.

Bindweed. By Gabrielle Vallings. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

The story of a young prima-donna and a distinguished singer who interests himself in the development of her voice.

The American Ambassador. By Lawrence Byrne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

A novel the theme of which is the fight of an American ambassador against insidious influences.

The Road of Ambition. By Elaine Sterne. New York: Britton Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A love-story of a man's rise to power.

A Munster Twilight. By Daniel Corkery. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $1.00.

A collection of thirteen southern Ireland peasant stories.

A Little World Apart. By George Stevenson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25.

The story of an English village, in which the coming of a lady in black results in many strange happenings.

The Cinema Murder. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A mystery story about a London art teacher and an American actress in New York.

Cleomenes. By Maris Warrington Billings. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40.

A romance of the Roman sculptor Cleomenes, the Emperor Nero and a slave girl.

The Yukon Trail. By William MacLeod Raine. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A story of adventure about two men and a girl in a country where might makes right.

The Hundredth Chance. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.50.

The story of a man's effort to break down the hostility of a girl, and to defeat the unscrupulous craft which endangers her.

The Rest House. By Isabel C. Clark. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35.

The story of how the daughter of a wealthy Protestant family searches truth along a pathway of poverty and privation.

A Schoolmaster of the Great City. By Angelo Patri. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A narrative, with anecdote and reminiscence, and a record of actual experience.

McAllister's Grove. By Marion Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A romance of a girl and a Florida orange grove.

The Hand of Fu Manchu. By Sax Rohmer. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.35.

A mystery story in which the arch-criminal renews his attack against the white race.

The Echo of Voices. By Richard Curle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

One of a collection of eight short stories.

When the Highbrow Joined the Outfit. By Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.00.

A story of an easterner on a western ranch, a bear and a girl.

Pioneer Days. By Mary H. Carmichael. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

Narratives of the combats, escapes, stratagems and dangers of the frontier West in the days of the Indians.

General Literature

Literature in the Making. By Some of Its Makers. Presented by Joyce Kilmer. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.40.

Twenty-three chapters, among which are: "War Stops Literature," by William Dean Howells; "Literature in the Colleges," by John Erskine; "The New Spirit in Poetry," by Amy Lowell.

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Burns: How to Know Him. By W. S. Neilson, of Harvard University. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. With photograph. $1.50.

"Biography," "Inheritance," "Burns and Scottish Song," "Satires and Epistles," "Descriptive and Narrative Poetry."

A Miracle of St. Anthony. The Modern Library of the World's Best Books Series. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Boni & Liveright. 60 cents.

Published for the first time in this country; eleven other volumes of the series are republished classics of contemporaneous interest, and new titles are to be added from time to time.

History

Our Minnesota. By Hester M. Pollock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A tale of the making of a state—nineteen chapters.

Chronicles of the Cape Fear River, 1660-1916. By James Sprunt. Second edition.

Over seven hundred pages of history of this section of North Carolina.

A History of the Irish Rebellion of 1916. By W. B. Wells and N. Marlowe. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

An attempt to exhibit, not to criticise, conflicting ideals in present-day Ireland.

An Old New England School. By Claude M. Fuess. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. With illustrations. $4.00.

A history of Phillips Academy, Andover, in twenty-six chapters.

British Exploits in South America. By W. H. Koebel. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $4.00.

A history of British activities in exploration, military adventure, diplomacy, science and trade in Latin America. In twenty-six chapters with appendix.

Juvenile

Sandman Tales. Stories for Bedtime. By Abbie Phillips Walker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated 50 cents.

A collection of twenty-four stories.

The Little Days. By Frances Gill. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrations by Milo Winter. $1.50.

Twenty-eight poems giving the experiences of a small boy, in the first person.

Peacock Pye. By Walter de la Mare. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A book of rhymes for the little folks.

Miscellaneous

Further Pages of My Life. By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With portraits and illustrations.

Nineteen chapters of further reflections and reminiscences.

The Young Man and His Vocation. Present Day Problem Series. By Franklin Stewart Harris, Ph.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

A discussion of the industrial demands of modern life, with the aim to help the young man to make the most of himself.

Harmonic Analysis. By George Foss Schwartz. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00.

A supplementary study for the studio, the classroom and the music club.

White Nights and Other Russian Impressions. By Arthur Ruhl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00.

Ten chapters giving the field of contemporary Russia up to the present moment.

Legal Points for Automobile Owners. By Leslie Childs. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 50 cents.

Concise information for the owners of machines.

Half-Hours with the Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.25.

Eight chapters on such topics as "He Goes Christmas Shopping," "For Tired Business Men," "A Psychic Venture."

The Russians: An Interpretation. By Richardson Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

An answer to such questions as "What is Russia?" "Who is the Russ?" "What of Russia's Literature, Art or Commerce?" "What have Russia and America in common?"

Everyman's Garden in Wartime. By Charles A. Selden. New York. Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35.

A practical book on gardening for the amateur, based on experience.

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The Fragrant Note Book. Romance and Legend of the Flower Garden and the Bye-Way. By C. Arthur Coan, LL.B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Decorated and illustrated.

Fourteen chapters of tale, myth, legend, folk-lore and history of the flowers, with verses as interludes written especially for this book.

Laugh and Live. By Douglas Fairbanks. New York: Britton Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

Twenty chapters, such as: "Energy, Success and Laughter," "Physical and Mental Preparedness," "Laugh and Live."

One Thousand Literary Questions and Answers. By Mary Eleanor Kramer. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. $1.00.

Questions and answers touching all periods and phases of English and American literature up to the present day.

Inheritance Taxes for Investors. By Hugh Bancroft. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

Advice for investors, as to how they may be affected by the inheritance laws of their own or any other State.

Bottoms Up. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Philip Goodman Company.

An application of the slapstick to satire: fourteen sections.

How to Choose the Right Vocation. By Holmes W. Merton. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.50.

A book to assist all men and women in proper vocational study and location of themselves.

Philosophy and Psychology

General Types of Superior Men. By Osias L. Schwarz. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $2.50.

A philosophic-psychological study of genius, talent, philistinism in their bearings upon human society and its struggle for a better social order.

Mental Antidotes for Many Ills. Library of Religious Thought. By George R. Wood. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00.

An attempt to apply practically the principles of modern psychology to individual life.

Our Hidden Forces. By Emile Boirac. Translated with a Preface by Dr. W. de Kerlor. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

The investigation and control of human magnetism.

The Will to Freedom, or The Gospel of Nietzsche and the Gospel of Christ. The Bross Library, Volume VIII. By Rev. John Neville Figgis, D.D., Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Lectures delivered in Lake Forest College, Illinois.

Poetry

Streets and Faces. By Scudder Middleton. Arlington, N. J.: The Little Book Publisher. 75 cents.

A collection of poems, many of which have appeared in magazines; some dealing with problems of city life, others, lyric.

Hallowe'en and Poems of the War. By W. M. Letts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25.

Fifty poems under the heads, "Ad Milites," "Ad Mortuum," "Miscellanea."

To Mother. An Anthology of Mother Verse. With an introduction by Kate Douglas Wiggin. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Over a hundred poems.

Si Briggs Talks. By Madeline Yale Wynne. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A series of pictures of New England character, in dialect and free verse.

The Poems of B. I. Durward. Illustrated Centenary Edition. Second Edition. Baraboo, Wisconsin: The Pilgrim Publishing Company. Portrait.

More than a hundred poems, with life, and criticism on poetry.

Songs for Courage. Gathered by Zoë Beckley and Joseph Gollomb. New York: Barse & Hopkins. $1.00.

A compilation of over a hundred poems and short prose selections.

Soldier Songs. By Patrick MacGill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00.

Some forty poems, most of which were written under fire and many of which deal with the everyday events of a soldier's life.

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The Light of Provence. By "J. S. of Dale." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

A dramatic poem dealing with the days of Old Provence.

Profiles from China. By Eunice Tietjens. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

Sketches in verse of people and things seen in the interior.

Poems of Earth's Meaning. By Richard Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25.

Songs and lyrics of nature.

Religion

The Validity of the Religious Experience. By George A. Barrow. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.50.

Seven lectures: A preliminary study in the philosophy of religion.

New Thought Christianised. By James M. Campbell, D.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.00.

Twenty-one chapters discussing such subjects as "The Folly of Worry," "The Power of Initiative," "Fear and Its Antidotes."

The Story of the Acts of the Apostles. By Rev. Denis Lynch, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. Illustrated. $1.75.

A narrative of the development of the early Church.

Spiritual Consciousness. By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

A collection of thirteen sermons, some of which are: "A New Year," "Coming to the Help of the Lord," "The Past."

The Hope That Is in Me. By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

Twenty sermons answering the questions of those who ask the reasons of the hope that is in them.

The Secret of the Quiet Mind. By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25.

Eleven sermons, some of which are: "'Mysteries': A Christmas Thought," "Church Parade," "The Power of a Symbol"

The Spirit of the New Thought. Edited by Horatio W. Dresser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.25.

A compilation of twenty-two essays and addresses by recognised leaders of the New Thought. With bibliography.

The Best Man I Know. By William DeWitt Hyde. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A composite of the best qualities of many men, or a concrete portrayal of the Christian.

A Fool's Commentary of Scripture and Doctrine. By Peter Guilielmus. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.

An effort to expose religious absurdities inherited from the past.

Science

The Sense of Taste. Our Sense Series. By H. L. Hollingworth, Ph.D., and A. T. Poffenberger, Jr., Ph.D., both of Columbia University. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25.

Fourteen chapters for both the scientific and the general reader.

The Wayside Flowers of Summer. By Harriet L. Keeler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With coloured plates and one hundred and twenty-four half-tones and line-drawings. $1.35.

A description of the flowers that bloom by Northern roadsides in July and August.

Motherhood. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter Gallichan). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.50.

"The Position of Women before and after the Great War," "The Maternal Instinct in the Making," "The Primitive Family," "Motherhood and the Relation of the Sexes," "Sexual Education."

Food Poisoning. The University of Chicago Science Series. By Edwin Oakes Jordan. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Illustrated. $1.00.

Results in scientific research regarding epidemics caused by food.

How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers and Other Woodcuts. Verses and illustrations by Robert Williams Woods. Revised and enlarged edition. New York: Duffield & Company.

A revised manual of ornithology for beginners.

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The Way to Study Birds. By John Dryden Kuser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25.

A small volume intended to be of practical aid in the identification of common birds.

Travel

The Heart of the Balkans. By Demetra Vaka. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A record in nine chapters of the author's experiences while travelling through the Balkan country.

The Old World Through Old Eyes. By Mary S. Ware. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00.

An account of a three years' sojourn in Oriental lands.

War

Speaking of Prussians. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George S. Doran Company. 50 cents.

A serious discussion, by an eye-witness, of the horrors of war, and a warning to action addressed to American citizens.

Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia? The World's Classics. Pocket Edition. By Nicholas Nekrassov. Translated by Juliet M. Soskice. With an introduction by Dr. David Soskice. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. 45 cents.

In four parts, with prologue and epilogue.

Greater Italy. By William Kay Wallace. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With maps. $2.50.

An attempt to trace the rise of Italy among nations, and her part in the affairs of the world during the past three decades; in twelve chapters.

Why We Are at War. Messages to the Congress and the American People. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

Six chapters: messages of the President of the United States.

Britain's Civilian Volunteers. By Thekla Bowser, F.J.I. Introduction by Arthur Stanley, Chairman Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Record of the work of the Voluntary Aid Detachments in Great Britain.

A Nurse at the War. By Grace McDougal. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A record of service by a nurse at the front in Belgium and in France.

Forced to Fight. By Ehrich Erichsen. Translated from the Danish. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.25.

The tale of a Schleswig Dane who was forced to fight in the German army.

Our Part in the Great War. By Arthur Gleason. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

The past and the future of America's contribution to the world war.

With a B.-P. Scout in Gallipoli. By E. Y. Priestman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.75.

Humourous letters written home by a scoutmaster serving as a subaltern, and killed in action November 19, 1915.

Open Boats. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 50 cents.

An account of the tragedies which follow attacks of German submarines on unarmed merchant ships. In five chapters, with poetic prologue and epilogue.

The Emden. By Kapitänleutnant von Mücke. Translated by Helene S. White. Boston: Ritter & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A true narrative of the war adventures of the landing squad of the *Emden*.

German Idealism and Prussian Militarism. By Charles William Super, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. $1.00.

An attempt to prove that the chauvinism of contemporary Germany is not an outgrowth of German idealism.

The World at War. By Georg Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Twenty chapters, by a neutral, upon various aspects of the war and events leading up to it.

Immediate Causes of the Great War. By Oliver Perry Chitwood, West Virginia University. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $1.35.

A digest, from the standpoint of a historian, of the steps leading to the war. In twelve chapters.

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The Appeal of the Nation. By George A. Gordon. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents.

Five patriotic addresses dealing with questions raised by the war.

One Young Man. Edited by J. E. Hodder Williams. New York: George H. Doran Company. 75 cents.

The true story of a young man clerk who was wounded in the Battle of the Somme, and who is now on his way back to his desk.

Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger, the Poet of the Foreign Legion. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Portrait. $1.25.

Twelve chapters: the intimate personal record of the war-time experiences of the poet who died in a charge on July 4, 1916.

Behind the German Veil. By J. M. de Beaufort (Count van Mausik de Beaufort). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With illustrations and maps. $2.00.

A record of a journalistic voyage of discovery by the man who interviewed Hindenburg and the leading naval, military and civil authorities in Germany.

The Ruhleben Prison Camp. By Israel Cohen, late Chairman of the Ruhleben Literary and Debating Society. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With twenty-six illustrations and a plan. $2.50.

Italy at War. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50.

Eight chapters on Italy and the Allies in the West.

War. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Marjorie Laurie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25.

A Frenchman's impressions of the German war: descriptions of wounded soldiers, sisters of mercy and Belgian orphans.

Carry On. Letters in War-Time. By Coningsby Dawson. With an introduction and notes by his father, W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company. Frontispiece. $1.00.

Personal letters by the novelist and poet at the front.

Inside the British Isles. By Arthur Gleason. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

A picture of the changes and prospects of change wrought by the war in the social fabric of Great Britain.

Present-Day Europe. Its National States of Mind. By T. Lothrop Stoddard. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

The psychology of the reactions of the various European peoples to the war cataclysm.

Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields. By Herbert Rae. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.75.

A Canadian's description of the formation of the contingent in Canada, its organisation and training, and its début on the fighting front.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of May and the first of June:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Greenmantle	The Light in the Clearing
New York City	My Unknown Chum	To the Last Penny
Albany, N. Y	His Family	The Hundredth Chance
Atlanta, Ga	The Hundredth Chance	The Road to Understanding
Boston, Mass	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Louisburg Square
Boston, Mass	A Diversity of Creatures	His Family
Boston, Mass	The Hundredth Chance	His Family
Baltimore, Md	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Chosen People
Baltimore, Md	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Birmingham, Ala	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Chicago, Ill	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Cincinnati, Ohio	A Diversity of Creatures	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cleveland, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance
Dallas, Texas	The Road to Understanding	His Family
Denver, Colo	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Des Moines, Ia	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Detroit, Mich	The Chosen People	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Indianapolis, Ind	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
Jacksonville, Fla	In the Wilderness	The Road to Understanding
Kansas City, Mo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family
Los Angeles, Cal	In the Wilderness	His Family
Milwaukee, Wis	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Minneapolis, Minn	His Family	The Definite Object
New Haven, Conn	The Hundredth Chance	Mistress Anne
New Orleans, La	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Norfolk, Va	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Chosen People
Philadelphia, Pa	The Hundredth Chance	Mistress Anne
Philadelphia, Pa	The Hundredth Chance	The Light in the Clearing
Pittsburgh, Pa	The Son of His Father	Mistress Anne
Portland, Me	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance
Portland, Ore	Wildfire	The Son of Tarzan
Providence, R. I	Mistress Anne	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y	The Light in the Clearing	The Hundredth Chance
San Antonio, Tex	Out of a Clear Sky	Pip
St. Paul, Minn	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal	Mendel	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Seattle, Wash	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Lifted Veil
St. Louis, Mo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Triflers
St. Louis, Mo	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Spokane, Wash	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Tacoma, Wash	The Light in the Clearing	Those Fitzenbergers
Toledo, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Toronto, Can	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Utica, N. Y	The Light in the Clearing	Greenmantle
Washington, D. C	The Hundredth Chance	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Worcester, Mass	The Hundredth Chance	Mr. Britling Sees It Through

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Journal of Small Things	Lewis Seymour	Changing Winds	The Gun Brand
Pip	The Straight Road	The Triflers	Mission of Janice Day
The Dark Star	The Light in the Clearing	The Gun Brand	Over the Border
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Middle Pasture	In the Wilderness	The Lifted Veil
The Light in the Clearing	His Family	Wildfire	The Dark Star
The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne	Jan and Her Job	The Dark Star
The Dark Star	Jan and Her Job	A Diversity of Creatures	Mistress Anne
The Hundredth Chance	A Diversity of Creatures	The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne
The Hundredth Chance	Lydia of the Pines	His Family	The Chosen People
In the Wilderness	The Hundredth Chance	Mistress Anne	Undertow
The Light in the Clearing	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	Mistress Anne	His Family
The Light in the Clearing	The Dark Star	Jerry	Cinderella Jane
Lydia of the Pines	The Lifted Veil	The Triflers	Stars in their Courses
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Lifted Veil	Cinderella Jane	The Light in the Clearing
Road to Understanding	First Hundred Thousand	Pip	The Worn Doorstep
The Light in the Clearing	In the Wilderness	Cinderella Jane	The Brown Study
The Light in the Clearing	The Triflers	Cinderella Jane	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale
Changing Winds	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Madness of May	Cinderella Jane
The Light in the Clearing	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!	Jerry of the Islands	The Dark Star
The Worn Doorstep	In the Wilderness	The Lifted Veil	Undertow
The Light in the Clearing	Greenmantle	The Triflers	Children of the Desert
Piccadilly Jim	In the Wilderness	The Light in the Clearing	The Son of Tarzan
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Balance	The Light in the Clearing	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain
The Dark Star	His Family	A Diversity of Creatures	Shadow Line
Road to Understanding	Cinderella Jane	The Balance	The Light in the Clearing
In the Wilderness	The Hundredth Chance	The Shadow Line	The White People
Those Fitzenbergers	His Family	Changing Wind	The Light in the Clearing
Road to Understanding	Mistress Anne	Lydia of the Pines	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Lifted Veil	Road to Understanding	Those Fitzenbergers	The Light in the Clearing
The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne	Louisburg Square	Lydia of the Pines
In the Wilderness	Susan Lennox	Jerry of the Islands	Road to Understanding
Greenmantle	The Dark Star	Sube Cane	The Light in the Clearing
The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	First Hundred Thousand	The Lifted Veil
I, Mary MacLane	The Hundredth Chance	In the Wilderness	Cinderella Jane
In the Wilderness	Road to Understanding	Pip	The Lifted Veil
The Road to Understanding	The Middle Pasture	Pip	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain
Undertow	In the Wilderness	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
Cinderella Jane	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!	In the Wilderness	The Tiger's Coat
Pip	Sube Cane	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!	The Brown Study
The Triflers	Road to Understanding	The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne
The Thoroughbred	The Balance	The Girls at His Billet	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
His Family	Enchantment	In the Wilderness	The Light in the Clearing
In the Wilderness	Bindle	Wilt Thou, Torchy	Magpie
The Hundredth Chance	Lydia of the Pines	The Triflers	Road to Understanding
In the Wilderness	The Light in the Clearing	His Family	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale
A Diversity of Creatures	Mistress Anne	The Lifted Veil	Road to Understanding

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
Woman. Vance Thompson.
An Uncensored Diary. E. D. Bullitt.
God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
Better Meals for Less Money. Mary Green.
Mobilising America. Arthur Bullard.
The Altar of Freedom. Mary R. Rinehart.
Fundamentals of Naval Service. Commander Yates Stirling, U.S.A.
The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.
Kitchenette Cookery. Anna Merritt East.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 560 and 561) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50 275
The Light in the Clearing. Bacheller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) 217
The Hundredth Chance. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.50 141
The Road to Understanding. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40..... 134
His Family. Poole. (Macmillan.) $1.50. 114
In the Wilderness. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50 98

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Adventures of Jimmie Dale. F. L. Packard.
The Altar of Freedom. Mary R. Rinehart.
The Balance. Francis R. Bellamy.
Better Meals for Less Money. Mary Green.
Bindle. Herbert Jenkins.
The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
The Brown Study. Grace S. Richmond.
Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
Children of the Desert. Louis Dodge.
The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.
Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.
Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.
A Diversity of Creatures. Rudyard Kipling.
Enchantment. E. Temple Thurston.
Fundamentals of Naval Service. Commander Yates Stirling, U.S.A.
The Girls at His Billet. Berta Ruck.
God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
Greenmantle. John Buchan.
The Gun Brand. James B. Hendryx.
His Family. Ernest Poole.
The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.
I, Mary MacLane. Mary MacLane.
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
Jan and Her Job. L. Allen Harker.
Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.
Kitchenette Cookery. Anna Merritt East.
Lewis Seymour. George Moore.
The Lifted Veil. Basil King.
The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.
Louisburg Square. Robert Cutler.
Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie.
The Madness of May. Meredith Nicholson.
Mag Pye. Baroness von Hutten.
Mendel. Gilbert Cannan.
The Middle Pasture. M. Bilbro.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
Mobilising America. Arthur Bullard.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.
Out of a Clear Sky. Maria T. Daviess.
Over the Border. Herman Whitaker.
Piccadilly Jim. P. G. Wodehouse.
Pip. Ian Hay.
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Undertow Kathleen Norris.
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The White People. Frances H. Burnett.
Woman. Vance Thompson.
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